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FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

FEBRUARY 1978 \$2.50



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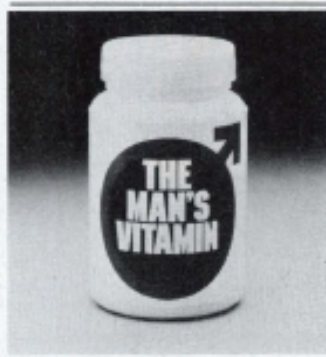
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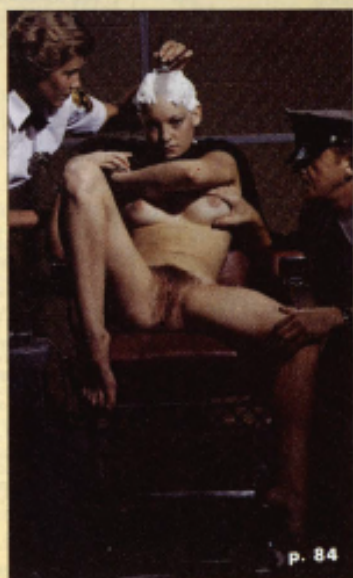
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# JACKIE O. COIN

The August 1975 issue of HUSTLER revealed exclusive nude photographs of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Within a few months this issue became a valuable collector's item.

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FRONT



BACK

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# PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



## Human Behavior: A Good Cause

**T**he child-abuse article in the October 1977 issue of HUSTLER—which established the link between sexual repression and child abuse—was by far the most important piece of journalism published by this or any other men's magazine to date. We are still receiving mail in response to this article. And because of the need for a better understanding of the human behavior it chronicled, I have decided to devote less time to my private enterprises and more time to achieving the kind of understanding necessary to bring about effective social change that will help us to behave less violently. I can't think of a better cause to become involved in.

It is, of course, a known fact among religious and social counselors that all antisocial behavior can be traced to one's childhood environment. Adults who were abused as children, for example, tend to physically punish their own children in turn. Even Charles Manson, wrong as he was about everything else, was right when he said we can only be products of our environment and nothing more.

Millions of runaways leave home each year because they do not get the love and affection every child needs, and being on their own makes them vulnerable to pimps, purveyors of kiddie porn, and others who prey upon the innocent. Thus, we must make a massive effort to

reeducate society to raise its young in a normal, healthy environment.

The government spends millions of dollars studying ailments like cancer and heart disease in order to find cures for them. In the area of human sexuality, however, the government spends nothing, leaving one of the most important components of our makeup rotting in the field of ignorance. We continually refuse to believe that our most deep-rooted motivations are sexual in origin, and this very refusal is a "repression" of the true self.

The reality is that most people shy away from an understanding of sexual matters because they are afraid of what they may discover locked within themselves. The prospect of looking inward is as frightening as the thought of having their secret fears and wishes exposed to the world. Instead, such people prefer to live in the realm of fantasy and refuse to make the connection between sexual repression and violence on all levels, including child abuse.

What these people fail to see is that it is precisely such knowledge and understanding which will free them. For until we see ourselves as we really are—and accept our own sexuality—we will never be happy.

Naturally, I realize that many of my critics doubt the sincerity of my concern for child abuse and sexual repression. Today I am considered the "pits" of

society, and I am blamed for all the ills that society embodies. What my critics forget, however, is that I have been publishing HUSTLER Magazine for only three years and that this society has been around for over 200! The point is HUSTLER is nothing more than a mirror that reflects society as it really is. Those who would like to ban HUSTLER and similar magazines do not realize that banning a magazine will not eliminate these problems—pornography is only a symptom of our social ills.

There is, obviously, a vast need to understand why we behave the way we do. I personally have faith in society, and I believe that if people are made aware of problems, they will make the necessary changes. However, the traditional means of solving our problems and of effecting change have not worked. Therefore, we must set aside our personal philosophies. Republican and Democrat, conservative and liberal, black and white, old and young, evangelist and pornographer must all unite toward the common goal of understanding human behavior, because once we discover why we behave the way we do, we can solve our problems.

*Larry Flynt*  
Editor & Publisher



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# SHOW & TELL

Cover by Frank DeLia

**F**ebruary is Cupid's month, when the little prick gets his rocks off shooting arrows at unsuspecting victims. But sometimes, would-be patriots also fire arrows at unwitting targets, as **JOHN HENRY FAULK** can attest. Faulk, who currently appears on television's hit show *Hee Haw*, was blacklisted during the McCarthy era. In **THE LAW CAN'T SAVE US**, a down-home discourse on the myth of obscenity, he once again displays the kind of progressive thinking that riles phony flag-wavers. The artwork for *Law* is by **TOM STUBBS**. Before joining Graphicsgroup in Atlanta, Tom did commercial advertisements, with illustrations for Duke Power, Republic Steel and *Cleveland Magazine* to his credit.

While many folks would like to shoot an arrow into the subject of this month's profile by **BRUCE MARGOLIUS**, lots more would like to use a .45-caliber revolver instead. Margolius, a former Utah resident, used his old contacts to get the goods on the Manson-style Mormon leader **ERVIL LeBARON: PREACHER, POLYGAMIST, KILLER**. The accompanying art is by **MIKE DAVIS**, whose work has appeared in *Penthouse Forum* and other publications.

If Cupid does make a comeback in '78, we'd like to throw the little fairy into the pit with some of the birds **MICHAEL BANE** describes in **COCKFIGHTING**, his blood-and-guts look at an old southern sport. To gather material about the battling roosters, Bane—an editor at *Country Music*—crashed through 400 miles of Louisiana backcountry. "I learned two things on this assignment," said Mike. "Always carry a lot of money and never say you're from New York."

In **SCORPION**, a tale of Mexican raunch by **NICHOLAS ST. JOHN**, it's stingers—not arrows—that the hero has to watch out for. St. John, whose screenplays and translations

have been widely published abroad, has recently left the horrors of Manhattan for the relative peace of upstate New York. Illustrating Nick's story is **DAVID MANN**, a Florida artist who's done motorcycle posters for Ed Roth, as well as a number of creations for *Easyriders*, the biker magazine.

Even our hard-boiled Humor & Cartoon Editor, **DWAINE B. TINSLEY**, waxes sentimental when it comes to Valentines. "Balloonhead," as his wife calls him, did up his third special feature, **RATS**, because these vermin are the only creatures that let Dwaine touch them. Anyway, Dwaine says *Rats* is social commentary, but we know better. It's just his way of thanking his furry friends for all the good times.

Contributing Photographer **JAMES BAES** has put together an astonishing photo-spread in **THE NAKED... AND THE DEAD**. Baes, formerly a top fashion and glamour photographer in Europe, flew up from Florida, where he was doing some work for us, to shoot this special set in our Columbus studio.

The ways of Cupid are varied, of course, which is why **SEX PLAY: SEXUAL POSITIONS** is both fascinating and useful. This informative piece was written by Associate Editor **TODD DAVID SCHWARTZ**, former porn star and *Screw* columnist. If anyone knows a lot of good moves, it's Todd.

Finally, our new Art Director, **BILL NIRENBERG**, asked to be mentioned in *Show & Tell*, so here goes. Bill was formerly with *Intellectual Digest* and *Finance* magazine, where his artwork made all the money look hot. He's also a good American and one heck of a nice guy. How's that, Bill?

And how's that for the February issue of **HUSTLER**—the magazine that knows where to point its arrows?

—ALTHEA FLYNT

Associate Publisher & Editorial Director



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Mike Davis



Michael Bane



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# FEEDBACK

**Questioning Our Motives:** You may have freedom of the press right now, but one of these days, when you stand before God and it is your turn to be judged, the freedom granted you here will not help you there. You even use children to make a buck! You make it look like you are concerned about child abuse, but in reality your own sick mind thinks it will make another buck.

If adults would stop looking at magazines like yours and start thinking more of living for God, there wouldn't be so much child abuse. I am going to pray to God about taking the perverted, covetous, lustful demons that possess you. The devil would like you to throw this letter away and say, "Here is another letter from a fanatic."

In closing I would like to say that what I have written is no joke. You could be laughing your way to hell one of these days.

A Concerned Christian  
Cincinnati, Ohio

*The above letter is in reference to our article "Child Abuse in America: Slaughter of the Innocents" (October 1977). We have never published nude photographs of children in HUSTLER.*

I am sure there is no doubt that every person is vehemently opposed to child abuse and advocates prevention and treatment of such abusers. This is evidenced by passage of H.R. 6693, the Child Abuse Prevention and Treatment Act Amendment of 1977, which I supported and which was passed by the House on September 26, 1977.

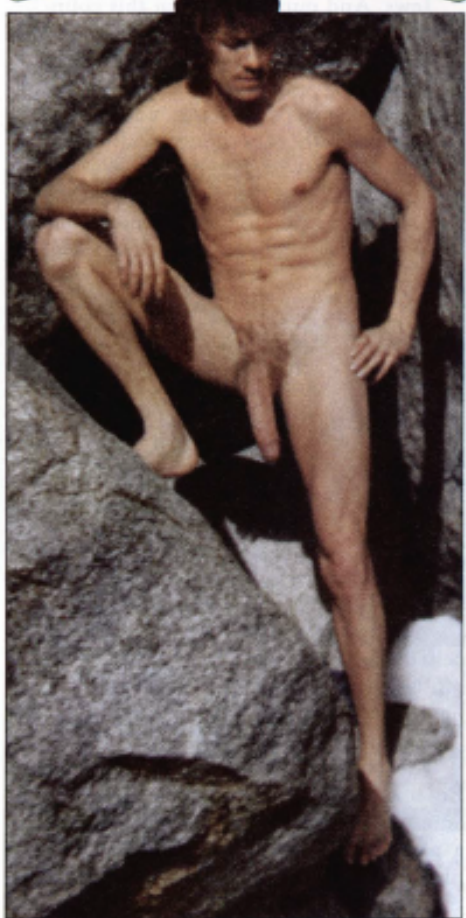
This bill is designed to extend the authorization of appropriations contained in such act, and give the National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect specific authority to disseminate materials it compiles and publishes on research on child abuse. Furthermore, it would support centers for the treatment of and provision of services for sexually abused children and impose criminal penalties on individuals involved in the production and distribution of pornographic films and publications depicting children.

I appreciate your sharing with me the article in which Dr. Prescott expressed his views on the causes of child abuse. Rest assured that I will give it my full attention.

Louis Stokes  
(Democrat-Ohio)  
U.S. House of Representatives

Thank you for bringing to my attention the views of Dr. James W. Prescott regarding child abuse.

I assure you that comments set forth in Dr. Prescott's article will be taken into consideration during my continued study of this very tragic issue. As one of the original co-sponsors of the Child Abuse Prevention and Treatment Act, I assure you that I will continue doing all I can to support legislative



efforts to provide for effective treatment and prevention programs.

Best wishes.

Birch Bayh  
(Democrat-Indiana)  
U.S. Senate

Trying to hide what you do behind a self-righteous stand against child abuse is the most transparent attempt at self-justification I've seen in a long time. I think you should be censored right out of business.

Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

**Petered Out:** I would like to know why the interview with John Holmes's cock (December 1977) was cut off when he mentioned Barbi Benton?

The interview was getting very interesting, but to my disappointment it ended very suddenly. Why didn't you guys finish it?

T. E. Wuest  
San Jose, California

*We were more than willing to go on, but the prick we were interviewing just didn't have the spunk to continue.*

**Tongue in Cheek:** Having just finished looking through the "Halloween Issue" of HUSTLER, I wanted to write and let you know you've put out a great magazine. The girls were beautiful, the *Kinky Korner* was great and Sheree-Lee was the best-looking woman I've ever seen in any magazine.

The pictures of her ass were absolutely the greatest. Since I'm an asshole-lover anyway, just looking at those pictures of her really tore me up. I'd love spending a whole afternoon just tongue-fucking her beautiful ass. I hope you have more beauties like Sheree-Lee in future issues, especially with the asshole in the spotlight.

Keep up the good work.

Name Withheld by Request  
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

**Cartoon Controversy:** The jokes and cartoons in HUSTLER are meant to entertain the public, not to get them pissed off. So when you read the humor in HUSTLER, don't say Larry Flynt is showing his prejudice when all he's actually showing is his open-mindedness. Is that so hard for people to understand?

I'm glad I was blessed with an open mind like Larry Flynt's. I like you, Larry, even though I don't know you personally, because you show your real self. And that's good enough for me. Right on!

By the way, I'm black.

Anthony Ray Ward  
Anchorage, Alaska



During the past year I've become an avid HUSTLER reader, and I've really enjoyed the jokes and cartoons throughout the magazine. I was wondering if you have a collection of these. If so, I'd like to obtain a copy.

Ronald V. Yoder  
Indianapolis, Indiana

*Starting this spring, you'll be able to get our newest monthly, HUSTLER HUMOR, for \$1.95 an issue. Watch HUSTLER for further details.*

**Who's the Bigot?** *Because of the heated controversy generated by this letter, which appeared in the November 1977 Feedback, we are reprinting it here in its entirety, along with additional reader response.*

When are you going to take off your shirt and show the world your swastika, Flynt, you filthy piece of inferior gentile shit! By publishing two anti-Semitic cartoons in the September HUSTLER along with an anti-black cartoon and a bigoted treatment of blacks in the *Honey Hooker* strip, you have proven that you're a closet Nazi swine.

As a Jew, I found the cartoons depicting a little Jewish girl chasing a dollar and a Hasidic Jew with an oversized nose patently offensive. I think *sickening* is a better word. I felt the same about the black in the desert reaching for the sunglasses and the reference to "watermelon" in the *Honey Hooker* strip. You also took care to degrade the feminist movement in the strip, leaving no minority unturned—or uninsulted.

Anti-Semitism such as yours is rooted in the vile envy you hold for the Jewish people because so many of us have obtained wealth and stature in this country far beyond that of the inferior gentile population. Jews are

genetically more intelligent, more astute and more ambitious than non-Jews. And our influence in this country is very strong, especially in the radio, television, motion picture and publishing industries. Look at the large proportion of actors, comedians, singers, authors, producers, directors and editors who are Jewish. We can make and break people in these industries. Assaults on the Jewish people can get your publication buried a lot faster than any obscenity suit.

Samuel Markam  
San Antonio, Texas

I've spent very little time writing to magazines, but in this case I'm making an exception. That guy Samuel Markam is a paranoid asshole. What's all this "inferior gentile population" bullshit? In addition to Markam's remarks about Jews being "more intelligent, more astute and more ambitious," they're also more prejudiced, more capitalistic, more high-strung, more conceited and uglier than non-Jews. To top it off, he has the audacity to threaten the publication of HUSTLER Magazine.

Give me a break!

Hats off to all the Wops, Chinks, Kikes, Polacks, niggers and honkies liberated enough to laugh at themselves. If Markam is a prime example of America's Jewish population, I'll consider wearing a swastika myself. By the way, Sam, I hope all your kids grow up and marry Arabs.

Thomas Gombeda  
Union Mills, Maryland

I am Jewish and very proud of it. I've met a lot of really anti-Semitic people in the 21 years I've been around, and there is no way I'd think of putting that label on you. Believe me, I know when I'm being shit on and when I'm just being joked with.

I realize that you don't get off on really hurting people. You just want to entertain and help them learn about life the way it really is. I don't understand how anyone could be against you. I guess there must be a lot of fools out there.

Laura Ravlin  
Houston, Texas

I'm convinced that Samuel Markam's letter to the editor is a fake. I've consulted a couple of experts in propaganda and they agree. Check with your own. This supposed feedback parrots the line of Joint Chief of Staff General George S. Brown, only it's even more insidious because now it is stated as if coming from a Jew, and a superior asshole to boot.

Paul Krassner  
San Francisco, California

*We are looking into the matter now.*

**Gaping Asshole:** It doesn't matter to me who you name *Asshole of the Month*, but you could at least be accurate about your subject. Pat Boone (honored in November 1977) was born June 1, 1934, and married Shirley Foley when they were both 17 (November 7, 1951). Their first daughter, Cheryl Lee, was born July 7, 1954, eight months after their second anniversary, not their wedding date. If you care to name Arthur Godfrey *Asshole of the Month*, I'd be happy to correct that article too.

Judy Dawes  
Co-President  
Arthur Godfrey National Fan Club  
Dover, Massachusetts

*According to the 1976-1977 edition of Who's Who in America, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and Boone's agent, the singer married Shirley Foley on November 14, 1953, and their first daughter was born seven months and three weeks later. By the way, the daughter's name is Cheryl Lynn, not Cheryl Lee.*

**The Race Is On:** I was just reading the letters in *Feedback* about white women with black dudes (November 1977).

I must say I was surprised at how many nigger-loving traitors there are in this world. I know lots of dudes who wouldn't be caught dead with a white whore who has been with a nigger.

These women are cheap, gutter-slime sluts, and that's putting it nicely!

Fortunately, I missed the issue that had a whore with a nigger in it, but I hope you people won't stoop that low again.

Roy Steig  
Salem, Oregon

**Moral Watchdogs:** I have just finished reading your December 1977 *Statement* ("Publishing and the Law") and it makes me





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sick that a few old men in this country think they have the power to decide what adults can and can't read. They must think this will win them votes from those repressed people who think sex is dirty.

Now I am going to write U.S. District Court Judge Frank Theis of Kansas and U.S. Attorney General Griffin Bell, and I hope everyone else who reads HUSTLER also writes them. I certainly don't want to give up HUSTLER Magazine, the best magazine in the world.

Last of all, I would just like to say that I like the way your new jet is in the pink. It really stands out at the Columbus airport.

Larry Chambers  
Columbus, Ohio

**Budding Talent:** I admire and respect HUSTLER for discovering E. L. Gerdes. To honor a "primitive" like him is to have an eye for real fiction writing. *Bennie Loves Clara* (November 1977) expresses love of life without either prurience or sentimentality. It's the cleanest, healthiest, clearest-eyed view I've come across in a long time. God-damn, that guy is good.

Dick Gardner  
Spencer, New York

**Peg o' My Heart:** My wife and I are ardent readers of your magazine. She is especially interested in amputee women, having lost her right leg above the knee and her left arm

above the elbow in a bobsled accident when she was 19. She is now 26. My wife has an artificial leg, but around the house she wears a peg leg, which I really get off on.

So, please, how about running some photos of amputee or monopode women?

Harold Johnson  
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania

*We're presently looking for an attractive amputee woman to feature in a photo-spread. It's bound to cost us an arm and a leg, but we'll pay most any price to give HUSTLER readers what they want.*

## The Ballad of Larry Flynt

Well, he came out in '74 and he wanted to be the best.

Hugh was through,  
Guccione a phony,  
And he had to beat the rest.  
He said, "The style of *Oui's*  
not good enough for me.  
I want the most erotic  
rag around."

So he packed his gear,  
Had nothing to fear,  
And headed for Columbus town.

Oh, Larry! Oh, Larry!  
They're nailing him to a cross.  
Don't they realize  
That in some folk's eyes  
Their gain would be a loss?  
A loss of freedom of speech,  
And of freedom of press as well?  
What do they mean by  
Freedom of choice  
If they regulate what he sells?

Well, he called his  
magazine HUSTLER  
And he began  
to pick up steam.  
He had no fear,  
And he shocked the world  
with Ari's girl.  
(Seeing Jackie was a dream.)  
He said, "I'm closing fast!"  
Bob and Hef looked aghast.  
Their numbers began to shrink  
and fall down.  
"It's hard to believe,  
But facts don't deceive.  
We are threatened  
from Columbus town."

Well, to some his jokes  
were just filth  
And his HUSTLER plain dirt.  
Leave him be,  
He's not any harm,  
not twisting arms,  
Who in the hell does he hurt?  
He said, "Fight for the right  
to read what you like  
'Cause that law should  
somewhere be written down."  
A basic ideal that should be  
the hub of the wheel  
And it should start  
from Columbus town.

Well, now the shit hit the fan when  
he published photos of war.  
Nudes were lewd,  
But bodies of dead  
killed by war's lead  
Caused quite a stir and uproar.  
He said, "Obscenity comes many  
ways, you see.  
Well, war is the most obscene  
thing around.  
Better legs spread  
than bodies dead—  
Some soldiers a-lying  
on the ground."

A loss of freedom of speech  
And of freedom of press as well!  
What do they mean by the freedom  
of choice?

He should tell them to go to hell!  
Jim Ploch  
Greenville, Ohio

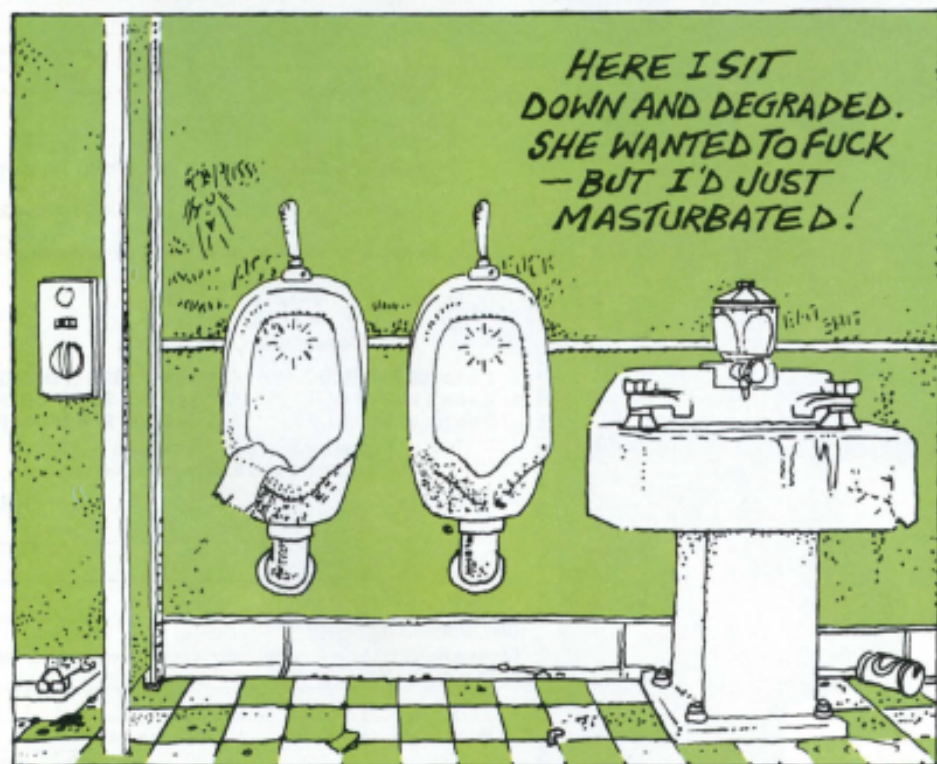
**Equal Time:** Now that you've won your share of fame with HUSTLER and CHIC, I think it's time you published a magazine for women. I'm tired of watching my boyfriend drool over those luscious HUSTLER Honeys, and I want to do a little drooling myself. Here are some ideas for the mag:

1. Instead of a *Beaver Hunt*, a *Cock Hunt*.
2. Men from all walks of life—especially beach bums, jocks, grease-covered gas-station mechanics, and bikers.
3. Ass—and plenty of it. Let the studs show some pink too, provided they wipe it clean first.

E. S. V.  
Blacksburg, Virginia

*Beginning next month, Beaver Hunt will feature one guy for the ladies on a regular basis.*

# GRAFFILTHY



THANK YOU, K. DIERKS, SIDNEY, IND.



# Sex Bits

## WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

### Telerotica

40 W. Gay Street  
Columbus, Ohio 43215

At least one woman, unable to afford an abortion after the federal government's funding cutoff, has died after crossing the border into Mexico for a \$40 abortion. Investigators from Atlanta's Disease Control Center attributed the woman's death to a virulent infection stemming from the filthy and inept surgery performed by some border-town abortionist.

According to spokespersons of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the death is the first certified fatality of a Medicaid patient as a result of an illegal abortion. Formerly a Medicaid card would have entitled the woman to an abortion in an American hospital under sanitary and safer conditions. The Disease Control Center investigators have reported that at least five other Medicaid patients have contracted the same infection and that they had also undergone abortions at the same place in Mexico. "This type of infection occurs when an abortion is performed under circumstances that are devoid of any concern for the patient," said a doctor in McAllen, Texas.

The Children of God, a fundamentalist religious cult that has often been accused of sexually manipulating its members in the past, is being sued for \$1.5 million by an Akron, Ohio, woman, who says the cult tried to make her a "Happy Hooker for Jesus."

Una Elizabeth Krounapple, 21, who joined the organization as a 16-year-old, claims that cult leaders separated her from her husband when she was pregnant and then tried to indoctrinate her by seminars in the art of seduction. It seems that female members were often urged to entice men into the cult by using sex as a lure. Her suit further alleges that the Children of God forced her husband to become a street beggar, obliging him to sell the cult's literature.

If you are unmarried and living with a person of the opposite sex, there is a good chance you are breaking the law and are subject to some form of legal harassment. Cohabitation is actually against the law in some 20 states, even though the number of unmarried couples keeping house together has more than doubled since 1970. It is estimated that about 1.3 million people are "guilty" of cohabitation. A bill recently introduced in the Arkansas legislature would require unmarried couples to apply for a \$1,500 "cohabitation license" and to register with the local sheriff. Happily, the Arkansas measure seems to be dying on the legislative vine.

Following in the footsteps of Anita Bryant, California State Senator John V. Briggs (Republican--Orange County) has announced a drive to effect a statewide initiative that would allow local boards of education to dismiss or deny employment to teachers who are "open and notorious" homosexuals. Some 300,000 signatures will be required to put the initiative on the state primary ballot this June. New Age, a coalition of gay and nongay organizations working to counteract antigay politicking in California, expresses concern that the gay controversy might well be a factor in next year's governor's race.

"We're concerned about the protection of basic human rights for gay people in California, and we'll oppose any legislation that would take away those rights," said Peter Scott, a consultant to New Age.

Briggs introduced a similar discriminatory bill in the state legislature last year, which, he acknowledges, "went nowhere." He has announced his candidacy for the Republican gubernatorial nomination.

Sacramento police are apparently stymied by the man called the "east-area rapist." So far the man has claimed no less than 26 victims since his first appearance in police reports last June. His most recent victim was bound and raped several times in front of her own husband. Police psychiatrists theorize that the rapist is suffering from "homosexual panic," and is trying to prove his own masculinity through sexual assaults. ☹





## Remember when going out to the movies wasn't a big chore?

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Things were simpler back then.

You could run off to the swimming hole, steal a hot pie off a window sill, or see a double reel of Tom Mix for ten cents.

But nowadays, with high prices and large crowds, you can't go to a movie without it turning into a major production.

LEASURE TIME still longs for those good ol' days. That's why we came up with a simple solution. We developed a portable projector. Our projector is a unique concept in audiovisual equipment because it's light enough to carry wherever you go. Equipped to handle super 8mm films, the projector operates on two "D" batteries (not included). Easy to load and operate, it has adjustable light and film guides, a control for fast or slow motion, and a focus adjustment for close-ups. Plus, if you order now, LEASURE TIME will send you a free full-length movie from the accompanying list.



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# Bits & Pieces

**P**eople who become involved in antiporn activities generally seek to hypocritically make other people live up to standards they, the bluenoses, have no intention of meeting themselves. Often some bungling politician-hypocrite will whoop up morality and then proceed to step all over his own cock in a public and comical fiasco.

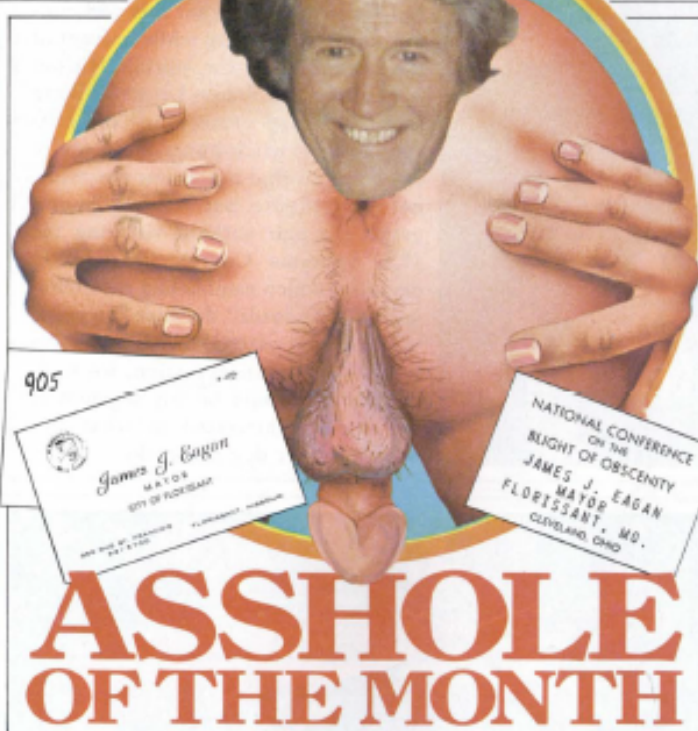
One such fallen angel is Mayor James Eagan of Florissant, Missouri. Mayor Eagan, a staunch Catholic with a wife and ten children, spouts a lot of tough talk about loose living, talk that belies his own cheating heart. We bring you, as a public service, the sad tale of Eagan's fall from grace with a pair of HUSTLER staffers.

It all began in Cleveland when Mayor Ralph Perk, the clown prince of Ohio politics, was shopping for a much-needed reelection gimmick. Perk's secret weapon was to have been the National Conference on the Blight of Obscenity, held in the lakefront city in September of last year.

Apparently, by appearing as the man who had brought all of America's moral bigots under one roof, Perk hoped to gain media mileage that would allow him to take the election in a walk. He was, instead, defeated in the primaries.

None of the bluenoses, members of Citizens for Decency Through Law (CDL) or hungry office-seekers attending the conference could have known that porno-baiting was anything but a surefire vote-getter. It had worked so well in the past that even slapstick acts like Jim Eagan's had been taken seriously. In fact, it had often worked so well that none of the real problems, none of the pressing issues like housing, police and fire service or school levies, could touch pornography as an emotional issue. And let's face it, howling obscenity is sexier, and therefore a lot more fun to do, than dealing in hard facts.

Mayor Eagan, attending the conference with his CDL friends, was by far Perk's most diligent pupil. He was willing to follow his idol right down the line, virtually reenacting every move Perk had made against



porn in Cleveland on a smaller scale back in Florissant. Like Perk, Eagan had mailed out propaganda in the form of a biased and scientifically worthless questionnaire.

Reading the thing gives you the impression that the issue to be decided is whether pornographers should be burned at the stake or just flayed alive. Eagan's PR men flooded the little town with press releases: "We are at war against pornography!" one of them shrieked. "Please join in the battle!" You would have thought Al Goldstein had been caught poisoning orphans.

Even though Eagan's questionnaire was supposed to

determine if Florissant's residents even gave a damn about chasing smut venders, the mayor was too nervous to give them the chance to say no. Like Nixon, Eagan believes in sneaking in the first punch and then declaring war. This is known as the Pearl Harbor method, and the beauty of it is that dissenters can be slapped into line later. Probably this is what was on Eagan's mind when he met up with the two women from HUSTLER.

Knowing of the obscenity conference, we thought it only fair that the community of pornographers be represented. Unaccountably, Ralph Perk's office failed to come through

with invitations, and we were informed that the gathering was to be hush-hush, all the better to keep the smut forces dumb and happy until the ax fell.

This was typical of Ohio politics, so we responded with a classical political countermove: We faked it. Some of our people were sent to the conference with instructions to act like morons and mingle with the delegates. It was the perfect cover, and it worked like a charm.

The two ladies in the photo work in HUSTLER's Columbus office. The toothy jasper perched between them and copying a feel is Mayor James Eagan. He came on to the girls like a rabbit in heat; glassy-eyed, sweaty and half-ready to cut and run. One of the ladies compared being in his company to a scene from *The African Queen*, in which Humphrey Bogart accidentally wades into leech-infested water.

Eagan pestered the girls with remarkable zeal for someone supposedly fighting to take sex from the rest of us. His hands were everywhere, and some of the time he used them to pass along little gifts—including a conference badge bearing his name, a business card with his motel room number—905—written on the back and, finally, one \$50 bill.

Eagan repeatedly tried to pay one or both women for sex. This from a man who is billed as being happily married. It's bad enough that Mrs. Eagan has to mind the kids while Diamond Jim is playing politics, but his weekend flings must be hard to take.

Incidentally, our girls refused to engage in sex with Eagan for love or money. Not only was there a principle involved but, as they remarked, he was "Icky!" Anyway, it wasn't Jim Eagan's morals the bluenoses are wailing about, but yours and ours. The idea is that we sinners require the attention of good people like Eagan and the CDL cranks to keep us in line.

Apparently the bluenoses feel sex itself isn't so bad. The sin lies in enjoying it and saying so. Why, without Eagan and his hypocritical little gang of helpers this country would have gone to hell long ago. Now you tell one.







## Heavy Petting

Some people never make their points clear. Take the model who submitted this photo with her portfolio. She wants us to feature her and the pooch, but we're not sure what this odd couple wants to be doing while in front of the camera. And the world's Hinson McAuliffes and Simon Leises (Atlanta and Cincinnati prosecutors) are continuing their witch-hunts. Thus, we're not going to find out unless our attorneys can figure out how to photograph the pair without violating the U.S. Supreme Court's 1973 Miller decision, which established the "community standards" doctrine for porn.

If people were allowed to evolve sexually without repression, we wonder if there would be any segment of our society interested in what this chick and her dog might do.

## JEWELRY FASHION:



## NIPPED IN THE BUD

When we reported on nipple piercing in our June 1976 issue, we labeled it a new fad. But for some people, puncturing a pert, protruding button of flesh is much more than a casual pastime. Australian fashion model Anne Grey has a wide variety of rings, pendants, chains and even dumbbells that she is hooked on wearing. All of us agree that women can enhance their beauty by wearing jewelry. In Ms. Grey's case, it's too bad more people can't see her display more often.

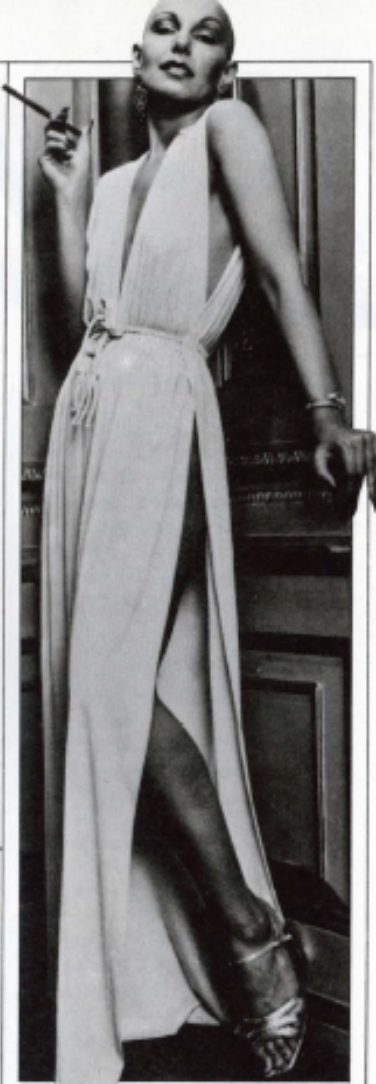


## GOOD ROOTS

Determined to do his part for the environment and the ever-increasing profits of the agricultural conglomerates, this jolly giant took to the drought-bleached fields of the American West and offered himself as a

portable irrigation machine. The wind-blown little sprouts dancing at his feet show that his efforts have been successful so far. We'll have plenty of frozen vegetables this winter.

Ho! Ho! Ho!



## The Bald Truth

If you think the forthcoming Bald America Beauty Contest is being run by some smooth operators who are just out to skin you, we can assure you the competition is in steady hands. The good folks at *The Razor's Edge* (\$2 single copies, \$12 for a year's subscription from P.O. Box 685, Palisades, New York 10964) are the event's sponsors.

The bimonthly newsletter, designed to provide coverage of "the bald look," regularly features photos and stories of bald women—like Italia (pictured here), Miss Bald America 1977. The 1978 contest is open to men and women looking to slice out a piece of fame.

Interested parties—both viewers and participants—can get information from P.O. Box 1478, FDR Station, New York, New York 10022.

And now you probably expect us to say whoever wins will do so by a close shave. But we're not going to oblige.





## LOOK AT THEM JUGS!

Are you tired of pouring your guests water from Tupperware pitchers? You can put some sparkle into your visitors' beverages and be an art collector at the same time.

These ceramic water jugs are exact duplicates of 2,000-year-old Peruvian erotic art and were cast from molds made from the originals, which are now housed at the Museo Largo

Herrera in Lima, Peru.

Each jug is stamped with a certificate of approval from the Peruvian government, insuring that these are as close to the real thing as possible. This just goes to show that anything stamped "art" is okay, no matter how hard-core it may be.

These vessels also prove that ancient Peruvians did it with their hats on, so that if they fell

from one of these positions during sex, they wouldn't hurt their heads.

Perhaps having one of these fine pieces around your home might encourage you to try some interesting sexual positions. These novel pitchers are available for \$49.95, plus \$2 postage each, from Leisure Time Products, P.O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

### RALPH PERK

September 1977

Ralph Perk, running for reelection as mayor of Cleveland on an anti-porn slate, was soundly defeated in the primaries, finishing last among three candidates. Perk's blue-nose antics were not well received in that city, where he ordered sanitation workers to deliver an obscenity poll.



Only an estimated 170,000 of the original 280,000 forms were distributed, and less than 10 percent of those were filled out and returned. In addition, the antismut campaign cost Cleveland taxpayers \$50,000 in public-relations fees.

Perk's setback came less than two months after his city hosted the National Conference on the Blight of Obscenity.

September's *Asshole of the Month* took his strong stand on porn after New York City's Mayor Abe Beame got the ball rolling with an antismut march through Times Square. But Beame, too, failed to win a primary. Maybe the time has come when pornography will no longer be a political buzzword.

## Job Benefits

You work hard all your life and what do you get? Tits? Don't laugh, because a male worker at Dawe's Laboratories near Chicago had to have two breasts surgically removed.

This unusual case is linked to a synthetic female hormone—DES—which is added to cattle feed produced at the plant. The hormone is intended to accelerate the maturation of livestock, but the side effects seem to support the adage that we should let nature take its own course.



Twelve of the plant's workers have suffered serious sexual disorders. Moreover, the substance has turned up in edible portions of the animals, which could mean a nasty surprise for some unlucky consumers.

Dawe's has been modifying its equipment to reduce risks to workers and has appealed the \$49,700 in fines imposed by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. But the company is planning to resume production of its cattle feed despite the problems with DES.

So if some appendages that don't belong on you suddenly appear, don't be too surprised if the doctor tells you it was probably something you ate.



## FRUIT LOOPS



Presumably Chuck Connors is best remembered for his good aim as *The Rifleman* on TV, but we wonder if he was always such a straight shooter.

While a young man, Connors allegedly made a gay fuck film, an 8mm black-and-white production that has been circulating for some time now. Despite the dismally grainy quality, everyone we know who has seen the reel is convinced of this: One of the performers is the same person who later went on to pull his trigger week after week before millions of television viewers.

The flick is called *Chuck*, and it opens with two men out walking in underbrush. They undress, and "Chuck's" steak is devoured by the unsung boyfriend. Afterward the actor we suspect of having ridden sidesaddle pumps his meaty rifle between his pal's buttocks in a variety of positions.

We cannot prove beyond a doubt that this is Chuck Connors. Maybe it's just swishful thinking on our part, and we certainly wouldn't want to be in the position of giving him a *Branded* reputation. But if you want a print of *Chuck*, it's \$20 postpaid from Kinematics, 708 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10036.



## Stallone's Roots

This still, taken from a 1970 soft-core classic entitled *Party at Kitty and Studs*, indicates how far actor/author Sly Stallone (*The Lords of Flatbush*, *Rocky*, *F.I.S.T.*) has come in just a few years. Stallone made his porno debut when he was 21, and just starting his acting career.

Today the "parasitical maggots" (his phrase) who own the rights to *Party* are asking \$100,000 for the film. Snorts Stallone, "For a hundred grand I'll be there myself."

Refreshingly, Stallone has refused to cringe at the disapproval of the antiporn crowd. Why should he apologize? As the photo shows, Stallone wasn't the one taking a dive.

George Carlin, Richard Pryor and the late Lenny Bruce are considered to be not merely good comics (like Rodney Dangerfield) but great comics. And like all great humorists, their humor was repressed for a long time because of its social implications and often-sexual nature. Luckily, Carlin and Pryor have succeeded without selling out to the Establishment. But Lenny Bruce died for his independence.

Now MacLean and MacLean are starting out on the same path as the above-mentioned entertainers. To date, these two Canadians have taped a pair of comedy albums—*Toilet Rock* and *Bitter Reality* (GRT of Canada Ltd., 3816 Victoria Park Avenue, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada).

*Toilet Rock*, which is not a particularly good platter, relies

## Tasty Discs



on a bathroom sense of humor, although it does foreshadow good things to come from the talented duo.

*Bitter Reality*, however, delivers a lot of first-rate humor, though some of the material is uneven. When MacLean and

MacLean get down to taking shots, they hit money-raking evangelists, Ken and Barbie dolls, even the problem of taking a shit while trying to act cool at your girl's house.

Ironically the two humorists have been having a hard time getting into the American market, in spite of a good sales record in Canada.

According to Ross Reynolds, president of GRT, "It's been disappointing, but not too surprising, that we have been unable to secure a proper U.S. distribution for the two MacLean and MacLean albums. Most U.S. record companies seem to be afraid to handle this type of record."

Nevertheless, MacLean and MacLean will no doubt make it, as long as they continue pushing without selling out.

—Zbigniew Kindela



## Another Porn Breakthrough

October 1977 *Bits & Pieces* told you about *Puritan*, an explicit sex magazine seeking distribution by major newsstands across the country. Now another publication is attempting to bring candid sexual material to the general public, and it appears to have an even better chance of success than *Puritan*.

We're going to watch the progress of *At Home*, a monthly sexual self-help magazine (\$2.50 single copy, \$30 for a year's subscription from P.O. Box 58, Rockaway, New Jersey 07866). Unlike other sex guides, it takes the adult view that people seeking sexual fulfillment want more than boring, beat-around-the-bush stories and photos to help them.



Thus, *At Home* is a full-sized magazine containing powerful and candid erotic photos that are both a turn-on and a sex aid. In short, you not only get hot, but you also *learn* something. Today there's only one other magazine which does that—HUSTLER.

If you're still not convinced *At Home* is a winner, consider that the magazine also goes one step beyond the other sex guides. It deals with solid sexual relationships, rather than with how-to-score tactics.

This new publication is for mature couples who take a reasoned, sensible attitude toward sex to the bedroom with them. So bluenoses are automatically excluded from its readership. *At Home* opens a new realm of sexual entertainment and education to people who may never frequent a single's bar, but whose sex drive works just fine in the den or kitchen.

## HUSTLER'S SUBSCRIPTION DRIVE

HUSTLER is not only the greatest magazine in America, but also in the world. As a result, we've beefed up our sales staff to bring our message to more people in foreign countries. One addition to that force is Jim Bolen, the red-bearded gent in this photo.

As a salesman, he has earned the utmost respect of all his colleagues, who claim the former Army Special Forces man is the most persuasive salesman they know. Jim, who's always friendly, can get a sale from almost everyone he talks to. And he'll even go door to door in his

search for new subscribers, like these happy Rhodesians.

You don't have to wait for snappy Jim Bolen to show up at your door to subscribe. Just send \$22 for a one year's subscription to HUSTLER Magazine, P.O. Box 2204, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

## PET TURD

Staff elf and *Bits & Pieces* Editor Tim Conaway recently took out a short-term business loan in order to turn a lukewarm idea into a sound money-making venture. Tim wouldn't tell us what he was up to, but we did notice that he'd been eating a lot of chocolate squares and spending entirely too much time in the office outhouse.

Finally our staff photographer caught him selling these *Pet Turds* in front of the gas company during a lunch break. When we confronted him with this photo, Tim squeaked, "I'm tired of walking in everyone's shadow. It's time you guys realized I'm not going to hang onto anyone's coattails just to keep up. I think big!"

Tim may think he's become a big shit, but we think he's blowing smoke out of his ass.





# Clearing the Air

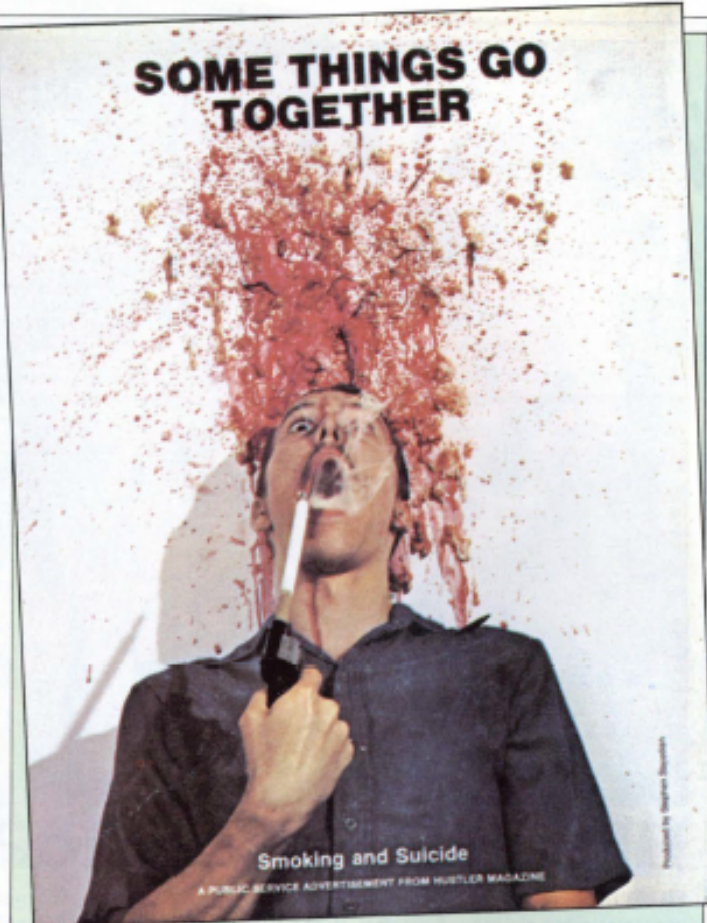
When **HUSTLER** declared in its December 1975 issue that we would serve our readers rather than advertisers, we took a radical departure from the standard operating procedures of major national magazines.

In the February 1976 issue, **HUSTLER**'s first antismoking ad appeared. Our policy, then as now, is this: National advertisers, including cigarette companies, are welcome to buy ad space in **HUSTLER**. But they must be willing to advertise in a publication which will speak out, in ads and articles, about products that have proven harmful to our readers.

**HUSTLER**'s decision to forsake national advertising is unique, and a step many have considered part of our iconoclastic approach to publishing. But the questions raised by our policies on cigarette advertising are now being considered by other publications.

*Media Industry Newsletter* (*MIN*) ran a series of statements by Dr. Tony Schwartz of Environmental Media Consultants. He raised doubts about the effectiveness of cigarette warnings as opposed to counteradvertising. Dr. Schwartz said that the government has erred in making warnings in ads mandatory. It seems that the warnings lose effectiveness when contained in a message designed to sell the product.

So he suggested that the air time or page space used for these warnings be put to use



instead for messages designed to make people more alert to the danger. "As things stand now," Dr. Schwartz added, "the warning is just a hitchhiker who has bummed a ride with the product salesman."

While Dr. Schwartz's measure seems to be a fair compromise, it is unlikely cigarette companies would go along with the idea of taking ad space in publications that run antismoking ads, judging by **HUSTLER**'s experiences. Another consideration is that many cigarette companies belong to major bus-

iness conglomerates. Therefore, periodicals that take an anti-smoking stance may also face the loss of ad revenue from companies tied in with the tobacco industry.

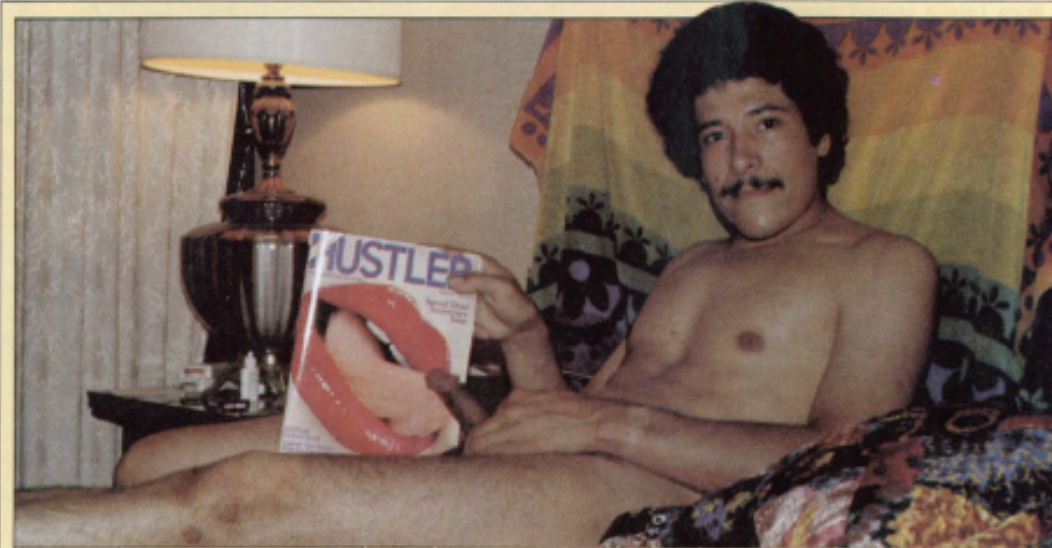
The fear of losing tobacco advertising revenue has caused many newspapers and magazines to continue accepting cigarette ads even though such publications may be concerned about promoting a harmful product. Writing in his "Press Clips" column for *The Village Voice*, Alexander Cockburn offered a suggestion to the

Carter Administration: Any publication willing to drop cigarette ads would receive public-service health ads paid for by the government instead.

*Media Industry Newsletter* and *The Village Voice* deserve applause for their stands on cigarette advertising. *MIN* (although it sells no ad space) is using its influence within the media to help deal with the problem of advertising a harmful product. The *Voice*, which does accept cigarette advertising, is taking a chance on cutting its own throat in tobacco-advertising circles by running Cockburn's statement.

Still other questions have been raised by the issue of how to handle tobacco ads. Publications such as *The New Yorker*, *Reader's Digest*, the *Christian Science Monitor* and *Seventeen* reject all cigarette advertising. However, there are critics who claim that as responsible adherents of the First Amendment, these publications have no right to censor a certain segment of the advertising community. But as we've pointed out, cigarette companies are adverse to competing with anti-smoking ads in the same publication, thereby applying a financial pressure to present only their message.

Now the *Columbia Journalism Review*, which began selling ad space less than three years ago, is reconsidering its policy on tobacco advertising. We are anxious to see how that prestigious journal approaches the problem of pushing cigarettes. Hopefully, the *Review* will take steps to earn the praise we have given *MIN* and the *Voice*.



## MOUTHING OFF

This **HUSTLER** reader knew his evening was headed in the right direction when he followed a tip and picked up the July 1977 issue. He says his divining rod always points out the best magazine on the stand. You can uncover the same spicy delights by subscribing to the magazine whose name is on the tip of everyone's tongue. But don't let your old lady catch you in bed with **HUSTLER**. She'll take it away, and you won't get to see it again until she's finished. In the meantime, you'll just have to do a few laps around the bed.



## Salad Days

Did you ever wonder why your mother always said not to play with your food? Well, now you know. However, folks who've wrapped a moist melon around the old prong say there's nothing like it. But other fruits are fine too. Imagine the look on a young homemaker's face if she found this chunk in her Chiquitas. No doubt she'd make banana-nut bread.

In any case, if you'd like a 17" x 22" poster of *Penanas* or *Cockaloupe*, they're available from a new company called Dovetail (P.O. Box 11281, Palo Alto, California 94306) for \$5.75 apiece, or \$10 for both. Drop us a line and let us know how you like them.



## RUN FOR THE ROSITAS

When Filipino artist Alfredo P. Alcala arrived in New York City he was determined to produce illustrations that would blow people's minds. While ghosting relatively conventional artwork for the comic

strip *Rick O'Shay*, he revealed his more bizarre talents in his work for Warren Comics—and in paintings such as the one seen here. Alcala sent it to HUSTLER as a sample of what he can do.

Well, this creation certainly blew Humor & Cartoon Editor Dwaine B. Tinsley's basketball-sized head. He forwarded it to *Bits & Pieces* to see if we could figure out what Alfredo was trying to say. We're not sure, but

we think Alfredo's painting is a comment on Anita Bryant (figure on right), her campaign against homosexuals (in basket) and her husband Bob Green (left), who is attempting to capitalize on the furor. The figure in the middle might represent healthy sexuality—then again, maybe not.

By the way, if you're wondering why there are no bananas in Anita's basket, it's because they're on her chest.



## LAME DUCK

We've told you how politicians never listen to good advice. Take Alf Landon, for example. All of the smart money for the 1936 Presidential election was on Franklin D. Roosevelt, but Alf ran as the Republican contender for the Oval Office anyway. Until George McGovern stumbled along, Alf was the worst loser in Presidential-election history. Did he learn from that experience?

Well, what do you think after seeing Alf in this position? He's telling folks, "My doctor told me not to lift anything heavy."







## Mother Knows Best

We live in sneaky times. One day you find out lunch meat turns your guts to mush, the next you read that half of Congress is on the take. *What's next?* you wonder. Well, *Mother Jones*, the muckraking monthly from California, probably has the answer for you.

Dubbed "A Magazine for the Rest of Us," *Mother Jones* holds to the politics of the New Left, but with none of the snot-nosed pretension that marks liberal journals of the *New Republic*, *New Statesman* ilk.

For example, the special



"Decade of Feminism" issue (November 1977) attempted to provide a more-or-less balanced account of the past ten years of the women's rights struggle, rather than a platform for feminist rhetoric. However, the New Left attitude of *Mother*

*Jones* still comes through in the iconoclastic humor, such as this illustration of Jessica Christ and her disciples.

The original Mother Jones was, of course, the crusading orator and organizer who stood up for the rights of the oppressed around the turn of the century. She wasn't afraid to antagonize the powers-that-be, and neither is the magazine that bears her name.

In fact, after the brazen murder of Orlando Letelier on Washington's Embassy Row, *Mother Jones* was one of the first to link the crime to DINA, the intelligence (pronounced "strong-arm") wing of Chile's right-wing government.

This accusation was more than just radical journalism; it was an act of raw courage. What was left of Letelier's body wouldn't have filled a thimble. There's no reason to think the thugs who nailed him would balk at blowing off anyone who opened his mouth about the killing. Letelier had been an ardent supporter of Chile's deposed and murdered president, Salvador Allende.

Another issue of *Mother Jones* blasted the Ford Motor Company for manufacturing cars capable of frying passengers like frogs' legs. In the article "Pinto Madness" staff writer Mark Dowie charged that Ford was well aware of the potential deadly hazard of the Pinto's faulty gas tank.

But, said Dowie, rather than dip into the profits to make the car safe, company bigwigs kept the problem under their corporate hat for seven years. Crash tests indicated that rear-end collisions would easily rupture the Pinto's gas tank (thus sloshing gasoline around the scene of an accident). Nevertheless, the company lobbied against any legislation that would have upgraded standards.

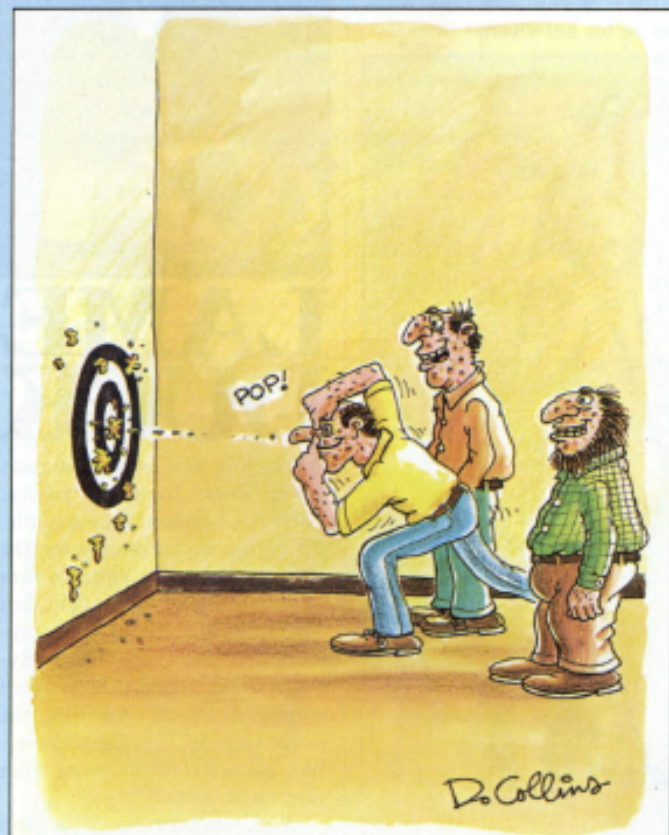
Predictably Ford took issue with *Mother Jones's* report. Citing statistics from the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), company officials claimed the magazine had overestimated the number of burn deaths resulting from Pinto collisions.

But writer Dowie explained why the new statistics were meaningless. Since about half the states do not report burns as the cause of death, and many states distinguish only between makes of cars (Ford, Chevrolet, etc.) but not models (Mustang, Nova, etc.), the figures used by Ford are less than reliable. *Even the NHTSA admits that.* These findings were included in a follow-up report in *Mother Jones*.

In this case, challenged by that bastion of American power—the automobile industry—Dowie and his magazine had the ammo to stand fast. And that's impressive.

For anyone into the counter-culture view, *Mother Jones* (\$1.25 single copy, \$12.50 for a year's subscription from 607 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94105) is the best new publication we've seen. It's got wit, intelligence and—most important—the balls to go out on a limb for its beliefs.

## MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Bull's-eye!!"

*HUSTLER* pays \$100 for interesting visual items and stories for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return original art on request. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should accompany all returnable material. For February, \$100 each to: Jerry Aibel, J. Curran, Carlos Lopez, Ross Reynolds and Wendy Jameson-Parry.



## MOVIES

by Larry Wichman

### Seven into Snowy



The greatest asset of the porn-film genre is its ability to allow the audience to escape from reality. And that is why film is the perfect medium for X-rated remakes of children's tales such as *Alice in Wonderland* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. The latter story is the theme for the hardcore, West Coast film *Seven into Snowy*.

The story line is one with which the audience has been familiar since childhood: A virginal young girl's life is threatened by a vain witch of a stepmother. But the film expands upon the original theme by bringing the story into the 1970s.

Snowy (Abigail Clayton) is a rich, fatherless child whose aging but ever-horny stepmother (Kay Parker) starts worrying when her talking mirror tells her that Snowy has become "the sexiest wench in the land." The stepmother casts an evil spell aimed at giving Snowy a host of sick sexual experiences that will scar the girl's psyche and drive her insane.

Unfortunately the "sick" experiences prove to be little more than a bathroom seduction by the chauffeur (Paul Thomas) and some uninspired lesbianism. Rest assured that the evil scheme ultimately backfires.

Snowy, in fact, *craves* sex. And when the stepmother draws her ace in the hole and sets seven pervo leathermen on the darling, Snowy's appetite remains insatiable.

The scene with the leather freaks, which includes a little jerking off and some bondage, is about as kinky as *Snowy* ever gets. (No



*Seven into Snowy* combines an evil stepmother, a horny leading lady and seven leather perverts. The film is anything but a fairy tale.



*HUSTLER's* reviews of porno films and sex books will keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make certain that you are getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE



### ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



### THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



### HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



### ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



### TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

golden showers, no anal scenes and, believe it or not, *no dwarfs!*) The encounter is broken down into seven separate parts and thus lacks a satisfying continuity. But the film offers a solid production package superior to most porn. The camera work, dialogue and acting are superb, the sound track is unobtrusive and some very beautiful women are featured: Abigail Clayton, whose jugs have grown noticeably larger, and Karen Kushman (a.k.a. Kristine Hellar), who is quite a pert, young nympho. There is also some exquisite beach sex between Clayton and Thomas, and some bizarre sex "inside the mirror" (the stepmother simulates humping a three-foot-long, fist-thick, double-donged dildo).

*Seven into Snowy* is truly fine porn. But it may not be porn at its best, since the sex suffers from a director (Antonio Shepherd) who was overly concerned with aesthetics and who added ballet-type movement to the fuck scenes rather than passionate flailings. Nonetheless, this is a porn film that neither you nor your mate will find disappointing.

## Hard Candy



Joining *The Starlets* and *Funk* in the 3-D smut-film field is an ambitious, humorous piece of erotica entitled *Hard Candy*. If you saw either of those earlier flicks, however, *Candy* will be a letdown, since it lacks the elegant sexual footage of *Starlets* and the superb laser effects of *Funk*.

But it does have some powerful nonsexual 3-D optics (such as a runaway-car-in-the-mountains scene that will make your stomach jump at every turn) and lots of off-the-wall comedy.

*Candy* has two basic story





Hard Candy's 3-D smut is unbelievably true to life: It offers much less sex than you would really like.

lines. The primary plot follows the escapades of two prudish researchers (Brenda Ram and Hal Walker) at the Dandy Candy Company, who unwittingly produce a batch of aphrodisiac lollipops. But the candy is stolen by Dandy's competitor. Although the bumbling researchers go off in pursuit of the suckers, they catch up with the thieves only after the pops have been sold all across the country.

The secondary plot is totally unrelated to the Dandy Candy story. It involves a man (Sherman Torgen) in a bunny costume, who is looking all over the California countryside for the gates of Troy. One-third of the film is spent on this utter nonsense. Between the telling of the two tales there's very little time left for titillation.

Hard Candy's sex consists of looplike inserts showing people trying the lollipops. The women in these scenes have rarely appeared before in porn, and they're quite attractive. However, the film simply does not contain enough fucking and sucking to meet the demands of today's market. The carnality is as well photographed as the nonsexual footage, but the producers employed a cheap 3-D method that enables the film to be shown at drive-ins and small houses (the screen doesn't have to be painted

silver). When the viewer uses the red/green glasses, the film's color quality is completely destroyed.

Nor was the 3-D used to fully exploit the hard-core sexuality. There are only a handful of cum shots; and only a few insertion close-ups show vaginal depth. The one scene that works is when John Holmes—on screen for all of ten minutes—pokes his sizable pecker up the twat of a chick who has huge mammarys. Holmes's foot-long hotdog looks more like a telephone pole, and when the actress takes it between her swinging jugs, spittle will roll down your chin.

Hard Candy is a good 3-D movie that doesn't contain A-1 eroticism.

## Foxy Lady

Few pornoers have ever heard of Sandy Pinney and Valerie Driskell, the "unknown" stars of the West Coast flick *Foxy Lady*. Judging by the quality of their acting talents and looks, and by the quality of their first feature film, you're not likely to hear much from either of them again.

*Lady* is the tale of an irresponsible playboy, Clifford Jackson (John Leslie), whose wife is abducted and held for \$10,000 ransom by a band of degenerate thugs. Pinney plays Jackson's wife, while Driskell is the brains behind the kidnapping. They are not particularly cute or sexy.

Hard Candy: Pay money to see it and you'll feel like an all-day sucker.



Pinney's generally flabby body nearly overshadows her big tits, and Driskell performs an admirably erotic blow job in the front seat of a car. But neither girl succeeds in putting any emotional or hedonistic intensity into the sexual activity.

The dialogue sounds very much like material found in cheap paperback smut novels: "Oh, you're so wet!" and "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Plot development is kept to a minimum, and the action hopscoches over many drawn-out sex scenes.

The production qualities are quite unprofessional. The color quality varies from reel to reel, and the lens work is shaky and uninspired. At one point the audience is actually gypped out of an anal-sex scene because the camera failed to capture penetration.

The film contains quite a bit of fuck footage, however, and it's not all bad. There are some extremely hokey "rape" scenes—such as the one in which Pinney is forced to fuck with a gun at her head—and some fine oral sequences. The jism rarely stops flowing. So *Foxy Lady* may offer what you want from a sex flick (if you're not a stickler for professionalism). Otherwise, you can forget it.

## A Teenage Pajama Party

A *Teenage Pajama Party* pours sex on to the screen from the first frame to the last with a minimal amount of dialogue, acting and plot structure.

The film is about six teenage girls who make obscene phone calls and play with themselves—and each other—while their parents are at the movies. The girls call men from all walks of life, including a fireman, a soda jerk and a body builder.

Each call becomes a vi-





Teenage Pajama Party: This turkey is closer to being a slumber party.

quette in which the girls' fantasies about these men are enacted on screen. The muscle man (Gary Cooke) gets greased up and well laid; the fireman (Richard Bolla) gets blown, fucked, jerked off with rubber gloves and finally pissed on; and the soda jerk (Michael Dattorre) makes and eats a vanilla twat sundae.

Barbara James, Priscilla Major and Pam Grimes perform the bulk of the erotic work in *Party* but, unfortunately, these girls only have the acting talent and looks of loop stars. They certainly can handle the sex, and they do an adequate job keeping the audience entertained when featured stars C. J. Laing, Sharon Mitchell and Terri Hall are offscreen. What's nice about this collection of snatch is that none of the girls shies away from such extra duties as butt-fucking or golden showers. In fact, C. J. has one anal scene that will floor you if you're into seeing a woman getting off on pain.

The photography and color quality are the only technical elements of the film that excel, even though the camera shakes at times. The acting is none too good, so you can be thankful that there's not much dialogue. And the sets are effective only because the seamless studio paper backdrops are so simply designed. If sex is all that you're after, *A*

*Teenage Pajama Party* will suit you just fine. The film is neither exceptionally good nor exceptionally bad.

## Dutch Treat

The film *Dutch Treat*, produced and directed by newcomer Navred Reef, is an American production with a European touch. Unfortunately, although the film was shot on location in breathtaking Amsterdam, *Treat* can't shake its low-budget look.

The film has a yellow, grainy tint, and the photography is unimaginative. The plot is good for only one thing—it serves as a vehicle for sexual action. Despite

*Dutch Treat is a real turn-on...*



the fact that Reef's film features "33 delectable beauties from the Netherlands," few of them fuck and fewer still are even worth fucking. Luci Duval and Christy Kluiver are the notable exceptions.

Roger Caine and Zebedy Colt play Chuck and Barney, respectively, two telephone company employees who win a bundle at the track—on a horse named Dutch Treat. Pocketing their winnings, they run off to Holland in search of sexual adventure.

Theirs is a Dean Martin/Jerry Lewis relationship, with Chuck the stud, and Barney his bumbling and frustrated sidekick. For example, in an orgy scene the only girl Barney can woo is an inflatable love doll. When Chuck gets taken for all his money by a conniving tart and gambles Barney's share away at a casino, the hapless duo pretend to be American film producers. But when they finally run out of money, they are unceremoniously booted out of the country.

Caine and Colt play Yankee hard-hats to a tee, and the script does offer some funny lines. ("I can't even plug the dykes in Holland," Barney sighs after he fails to score with a pair of unwilling lesbians.)

So if you don't mind taking some bad with the good, you just might get a kick out of *Dutch Treat*.

... and tiptoeing 'tween two lips.



## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

### Erection

Autobiography of a Flea  
Barbara Broadcast  
Big Thumbs  
Desires Within Young Girls  
Hard Soap, Hard Soap  
In the Realm of the Senses  
Jail Bait  
Kinky Ladies  
Odyssey  
Punk Rock!  
Sex Crazy

### Three-Quarters Erect

A Coming of Angels  
Bel Ami  
Breaker Beauties  
Count the Ways  
Portrait of Seduction  
The Jade Pussycat  
The Spirit of Seventy-Sex  
The Violation of Claudia

### Half Erect

Babyface  
Feelings  
Inside Jennifer Welles  
My SeX-Rated Wife  
Reflections  
Swedish Minx  
Sylvia  
The Beast

### One-Quarter Erect

All Night Long  
Candylips  
Funk  
Long Jeanne Silver  
Overnight Sensations  
Sharon Underage

### Totally Limp

Cherry Hustlers  
Cinderella 2000  
Let My Puppets Come  
Reunion





*Halmi's Guide to Photographing Women: Stalking the vertical smile with lens and light meter.*

## BOOKS

Edited by Mike Sheeter

### Photographing Women Simplified

By Robert Halmi

Amphoto

East Gate &

Zeckendorf Boulevards

Garden City, New York

11530

\$3.45

In his native Hungary, Robert Halmi's father was official court photographer for the Hapsburgs. And judging from this book, the son seems to have inherited the old man's way of relating to the models with whom he works.

*Photographing Women Simplified* is dedicated to the notion that women are vain, moody and potentially dangerous if they are shown a bad picture of themselves. Screw up and it's off with your head.

The problem, of course, is that the photographer should at all times keep his eyes on both the viewfinder and the girl he is shooting. Women's clothes (or lack of them), their makeup and their moods all require the photographer's special at-

tention. In addition, he must keep all these things and more in mind while worrying about shadows, appropriate lens settings and depth of field.

Faced with technical details, most amateur photographers of women would say to hell with it, and use a Polaroid camera or forget the idea. First-rate (although not publishable) pictures may be taken with a Polaroid, or for that matter with a box camera. But the photo hobbyist who lets himself be frightened by the problems surrounding this most interesting pastime is a coward. Women are only slightly more difficult to photograph than, say, a bowl of fruit. Lots more fun too.

Once the cameraman grasps the fundamentals of posing, setting and using flattering lighting, making his lady look good on film is relatively simple. More than that, once the amateur photographer has the basics in hand, it will be no time at all before he's doing artsy stuff.

*Photographing Women* is a basic book. Halmi argues, and quite rightly, that there is more than enough technical information on the market. What is needed (and what he has written) is a simple book aimed at alerting the beginner to the possibi-

ties of women as a subject. In this regard, his book works rather well. As in making love to women, the hardest part in photographing them is taking the initial plunge. Trust me. Putting women on film is well worth the trouble.

### Why Me?

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT BREAST CANCER TO SAVE HER LIFE

By Rose Kushner

The New American Library, Inc.

1301 Avenue of the Americas

New York, New York 10019  
\$2.50

For many American women who develop signs of breast cancer, the treatment that follows is only slightly better than the damage done by the disease itself. Medical journalist Rose Kushner is a former breast-cancer patient and for a time was a research assistant at Johns Hopkins University. She believes that the U.S. medical profession has fallen down rather badly in dealing with the malady.

For one thing, she says in her book, the American doctor tends to rely too much on an operation—the Halsted

radical mastectomy—in which the pectoral muscles of the chest are lost along with the breast. Kushner and many doctors believe that there are often less drastic methods open to the physician. Sometimes the operation is performed because the surgeon simply hasn't taken the trouble to acquaint himself with newer, equally effective methods.

There are also economic reasons why the surgeon may choose to take the hard road: The Halsted operation may prove to be of more benefit to the doctor's personal bank account than to the patient's health.

But all of the information in *Why Me?* is not this grim. In light of books like Kushner's and several articles in national magazines, the tide is turning. Doctors are not only becoming aware of their treatment options, but are also becoming aware that the public is onto some surgeons' shady games.

*Why Me?* was written so women could free themselves of the fear and worry that inevitably ensues when breast cancer is first detected. Having worked with doctors, Kushner is obviously familiar with their habit of ducking questions or, alternatively, of insulting the patient's intelligence and education when she dares to ask a simple question. True, only a licensed physician should treat medical problems. But it is equally true that each woman has a right to know precisely what treatment is being proposed for her one-and-only body.


So far there have been none of the anguished howls with which doctors often greet medical books written by laymen. The medicos will certainly be heard from though. Dr. Thomas Doa, of Roswell Park Memorial Institute (the world's first cancer hospital, in Buffalo, New York), has said: "Every woman in the United States should read this book."



## Peter Fendi: 40 Erotic Aquarelles

Distributed by  
Wehman Brothers, Inc.  
Morris County Mall  
Cedar Knolls, New Jersey  
07927

\$14.95 (plus 75¢ for  
postage and handling)

 Peter Fendi, a society artist of 19th-century Vienna, seems to have been typical of the free and easy outlook of that time and place. German and Austrian artists have always had an inclination to dabble with erotica. The Vienna of Fendi's day was a city in which people sought the good life—full of flaky pastry, leisurely afternoons at the coffeehouse, and lots of free-form humping with big-boned blondes.

From the introductory remarks by Karl Merker that accompany these 40 hard-core watercolors, we learn that the Viennese artist assumed another, traditional role in society—the rich man's pimp. Apparently the general belief was that artists, with their bohemian life-style, were the best possible drinking companions and procurers. The service they performed for their wealthy patrons was something like the service performed by blacks for experimental-minded college girls. People believed that artists were capable of turning them on to strange and wonderful experiences. Failing that, there was always a spare model or two somewhere in the wings.

Fendi's subjects were Viennese men and women acting out that fantasy. His couples are shown rutting each other with all the spontaneity and unselfconsciousness of goats. Some of the couples shown are acrobats, performing privately for offstage voyeurs. Other couples are country folk, peas-

ants and haughty aristocrats.

In short, Fendi neglected no one but slim people. His women are drawn with huge asses, called "Zeppelin butts" in old Vienna.

About Fendi's artistic skill, we can find little to say. But it is a subject about which Merker has a lot to discuss in his introduction—written in German and English, yet. Merker considers Fendi to be pretty hot stuff. Still, the paintings look like something put on a plate for sale in a souvenir shop. Of course, the fact that the work is not titillating doesn't matter. What we like about Fendi and his work is the cheerful, innocently sexy world they reflect.


We wouldn't have hired

the man to do a portrait, but it must have been great fun drinking with him. Driver, take me back to old Vienna.

## The Girl Watcher

By James Lawson

Warner Books  
75 Rockefeller Plaza  
New York, New York 10019  
\$1.95


 The hero of James Lawson's novel *The Girl Watcher* is a man who, like most men, spends the major part of his time thinking about, wishing for and contriving to get sex. Far from being some deviate with snot on his lapels, he is a member

in good standing of the ruling class. Well off, successful, the vice-president of a large advertising agency, he seems to have everything he could want. Everything, that is, except the one thing he really wants—complete freedom to indulge in his insistently itchy sex drive.

He is, we learn, a veteran of countless visits to massage parlors, the customer of *Screw* magazine's classified-ad hookers and a season-ticket holder at every Times Square porno theater and bookstore. His money insures that he will get plenty of sex... but the girls he really desires—college students and 23-year-old secretaries—seem unattainable to him. He could always use his power in the office to seduce the women there, but he realizes this would be just another way to get laid with help from his money.

*The Girl Watcher's* biggest worry is his age. He can't accept the trap his life has laid for him. He could throw his career away and go for the girls as a full-time concern. But would taking such a step be worth it? On the other hand, he isn't convinced that his career has been worth it. Either way, he sees himself as probably wasting the last good years left to him before toothless dirty-old-manhood.

The plot synopsis doesn't do author Lawson justice, and we'll be the first to admit it. But his book is funny, well written and intuitive.

It is, however, a *serious* funny book. Its male readers will recognize the mental damage wrought by horniness of this magnitude as *The Girl Watcher* is tossed between what he needs and what he can get. As Yossarian moans in *Catch-22*: "God, think of all the women and girls I'll see and want and never get to go to bed with, not even once." Oh, well. Maybe if you read *The Girl Watcher*, you can learn to laugh it off. 

Peter Fendi's erotic watercolors: great as gymnastics, lukewarm as sex.







"Let's be honest with each other for a moment, shall we? You know I'm looking for some action, and I happen to know you give great rim jobs!!"





"They say he was once a judge who presided over an obscenity trial.  
Sumbitch hasn't been the same since."









After these photos were taken, Pantera became a regular fixture around HUSTLER's Florida studio, where she now prepares the models for their photo sessions. Her cheerful nature and willingness to help, coupled with a model's expertise in makeup and posing, never fail to put the girls at ease. The models know they're in the hands of a professional who has their best interests at heart.

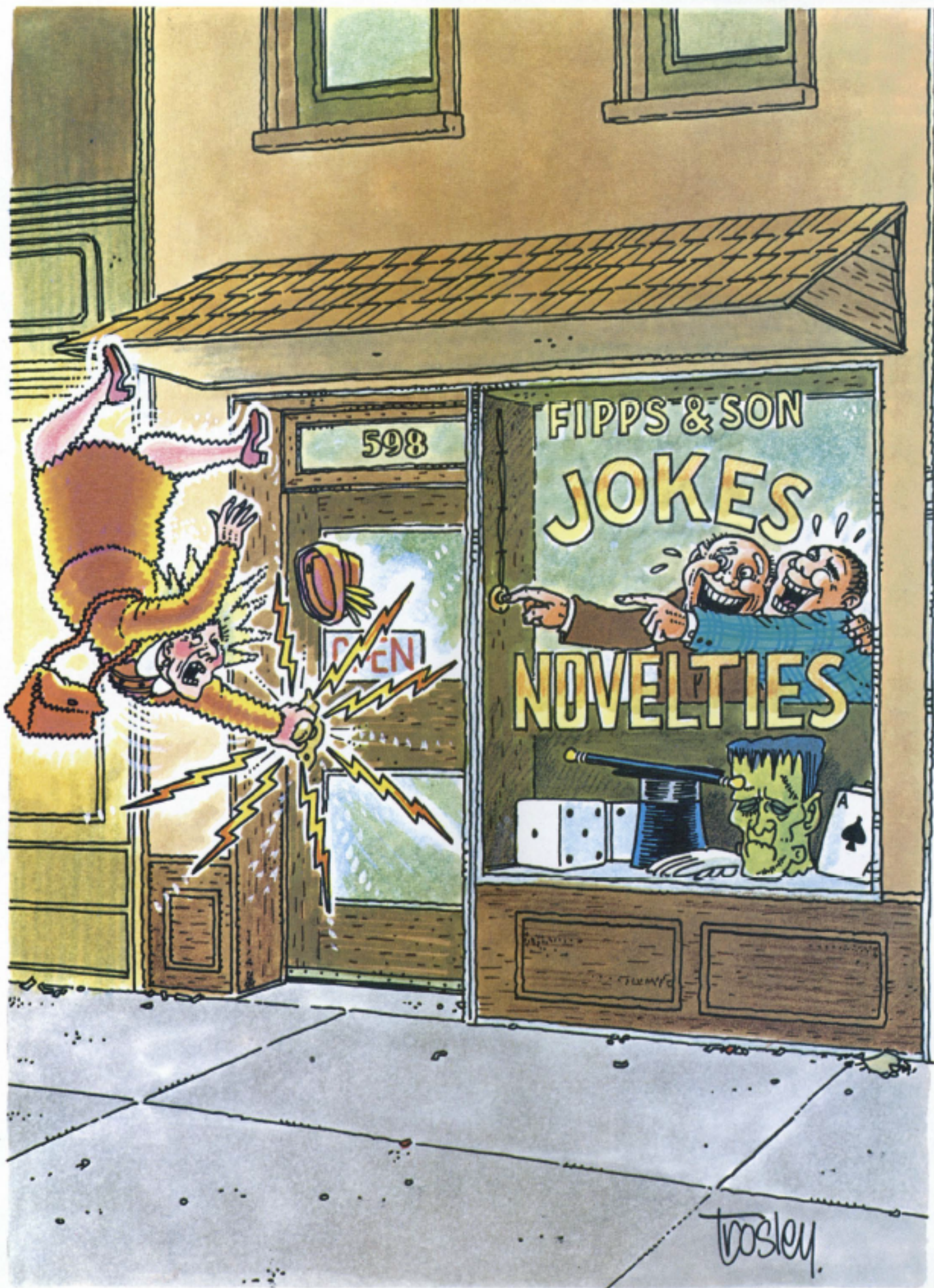
When she's with a man, Pantera is equally selfless. She wants to please,

and will go to great lengths to satisfy her sex partner. "I like oral sex the best," she admits. "It's one of the most giving things two lovers can do for one another." Of course, she wants to be pleased in return (she's only human), and only a man who can fulfill her needs the first time will get a second opportunity. After all, sex is a game of give-and-take.















A lifelong resident of Norfolk, Virginia, Beverly has small-town tastes (drag racing, bowling), except when it comes to men. "I like an exotic man — tall, dark and handsome — who'll let me be the aggressor. But you don't find many men like that in Norfolk."

We're confident this feature is the start of something big for Beverly. Just remember, you first saw her here.













It was their first date, and the young couple stayed out until almost 5 a.m. While he was kissing the girl good-night, the Romeo had to use the bathroom.

"I can't wait," he insisted nervously.

"But Mom and Dad will wake up when you flush the toilet," the girl answered, "and they'll kill me for getting home so late. I'll tell you what," she added. "If it's that urgent, you'd better use the sink."

A few minutes later he poked his head out of the door and whispered, "Psst, sweetheart, got any toilet paper?"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *frigid woman* as: one so cold the furnace kicks on when she spreads her legs.

Two hillbillies took a trip to California. Upon their arrival they discovered they had only 88 cents between them. The first hillbilly asked his traveling companion, "What can we do with 88 cents?"

"I'll tell you what," answered the second hillbilly. "Give me your money and I'll go to the drugstore and see what I can get."

Then he disappeared around the corner. At long last he returned with a box of tampons. The first hillbilly looked at the box and asked, "Now what in the hell can we do with these?"

Turning the box over, the second hillbilly replied, "Well, it says here we can go swimming, horseback riding, hiking..."

Early one morning an out-of-work Polack went to the post office to read wanted posters, one of which read, "Wanted: Italian for Rape." The Polack turned to the clerk and said, "Those goddamn Italians get *all* the good jobs."

Late one night a horny drunkard met a whore, but he had only a dollar to his name. Obviously this was not enough for her services, so he asked her if she would go into a dark alley and piss into an old tin can. The hooker agreed.

After she had left, the drunkard pulled his cock out of his pants and swished it around in the can. Looking down, he muttered, "Eat soup, you son of a bitch! Meat is too damn expensive!"

During hostilities in the Mideast, an Arab tank and an Israeli tank collided. The Arab climbed out, raised his hands and yelled, "Don't shoot, don't shoot, I surrender!"

The Israeli Jew just sat there holding his neck and cried, "Whiplash! Whiplash! Whiplash!"

## HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think  
that's funny...

Following their marriage a young blue-collar worker and his wife had eight children in as many years. The wife, being somewhat tired of all the trips to the maternity ward, finally lamented, "You know, dear, in this day and age there are ways to prevent having one child after another."

"But the Bible says to marry and replenish the earth," her fertile husband countered.

"True," said the exhausted wife, "but it doesn't say *we* have to do the whole job."

When she was pregnant a woman had taken an experimental drug and eventually gave birth to a perfectly formed head. Despite strenuous objections, the head was taken home and grew up as normally as could be

expected, considering the circumstances.

Finally, on the head's 18th birthday the family threw a huge party, and everyone brought presents. The guest of honor was perched on the end of the table while everyone sang "Happy Birthday" and opened their gifts.

Belatedly the father came in carrying a box. "I've got a really great present for you, son," he shouted to the head. "Can you guess what it is?"

"Oh, shit," said the head disgustedly, "not another fucking hat!"

A midget was sitting at the end of the bar, drinking a highball, when in walked a mean-looking guy with two shiny .45s strapped to his sides.

Looking the place over, the gunslinger said, "Listen, all of you sons of bitches: I'm a mean motherfucker from Texas and I'm going to shit on all of you except that midget sitting over there." Upon hearing this, the midget confidently strolled over to the Texan.

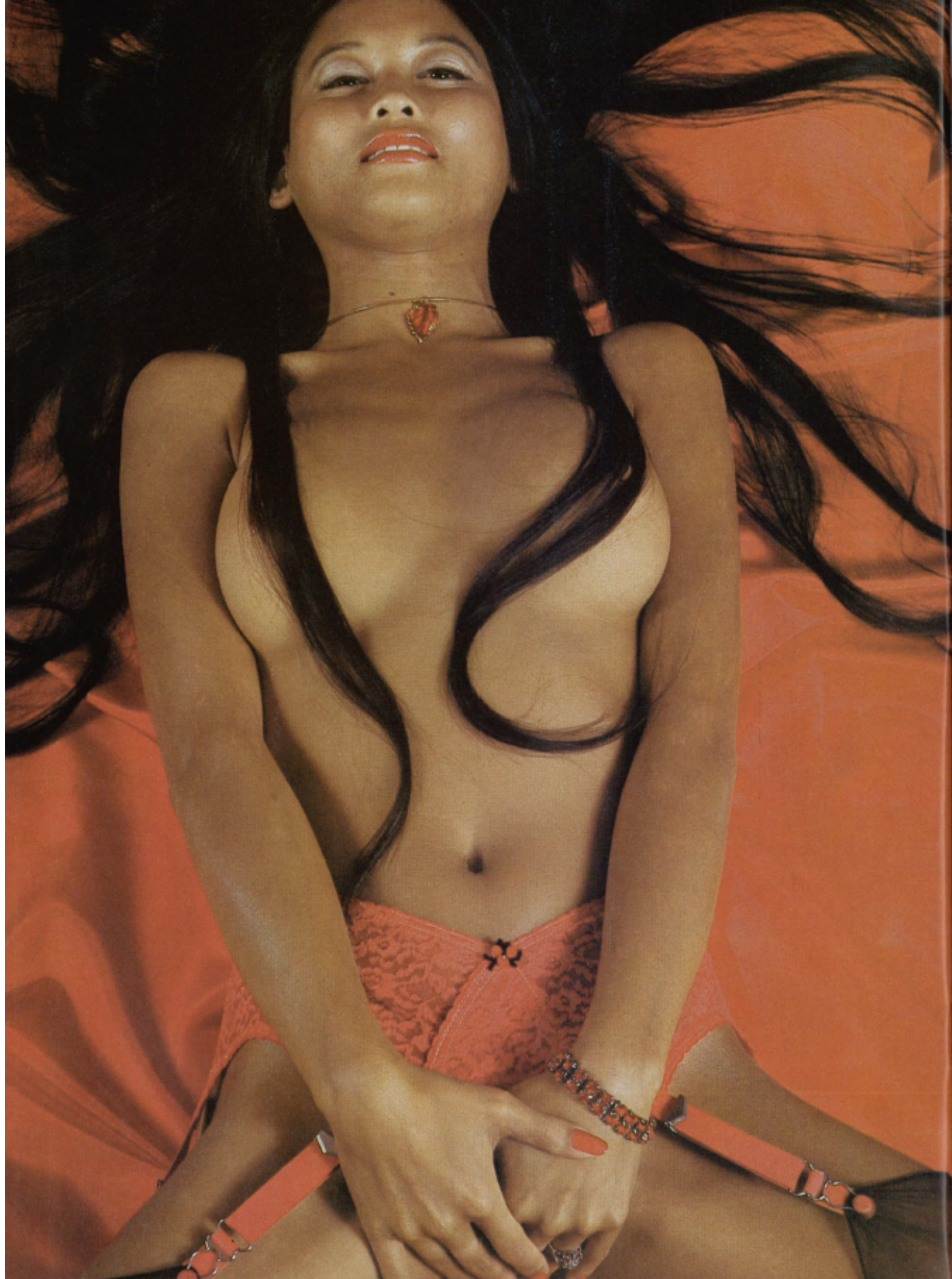
"Listen, punk!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean you're going to shit on all these people and not on me? Don't you know that these people are my very best friends?"

"Look, midget," the Texan snarled, "the only reason I'm not going to shit on you is I'm going to use you to wipe my ass."

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *anal intercourse* as: a crack shot.

*HUSTLER* Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke to us on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we will send you a check for \$25. Sorry, but we cannot return jokes.

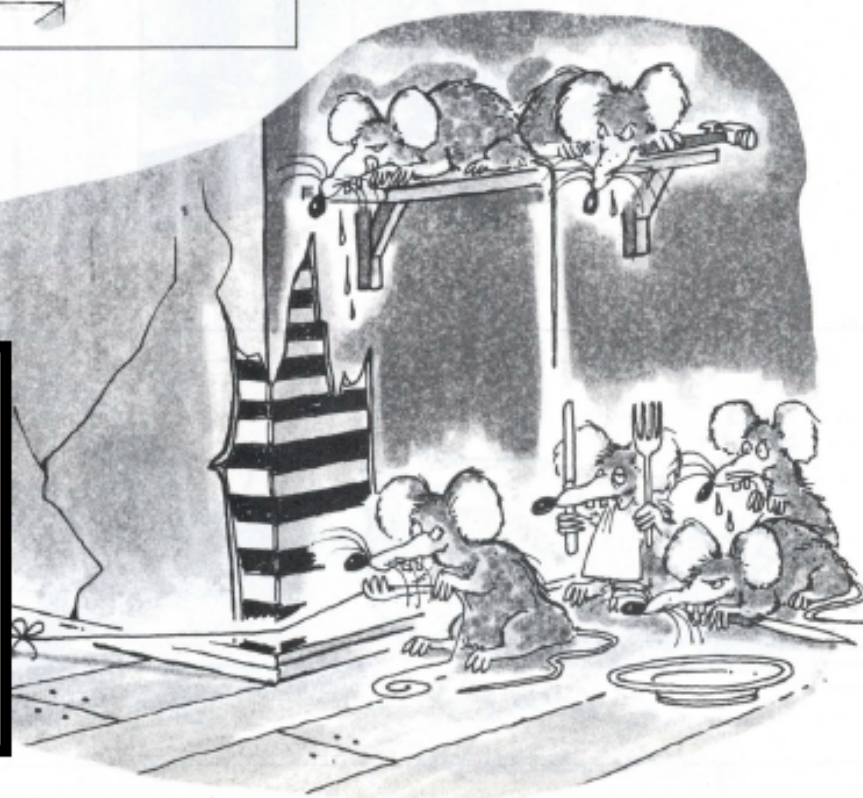
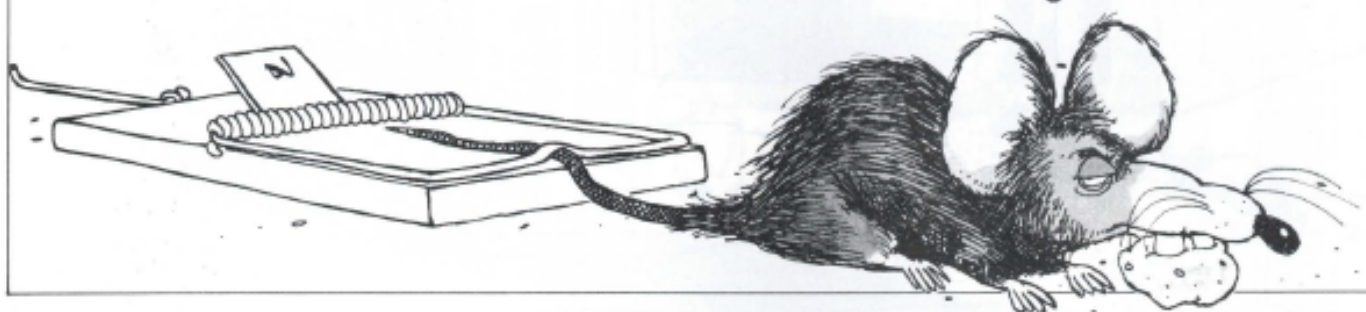




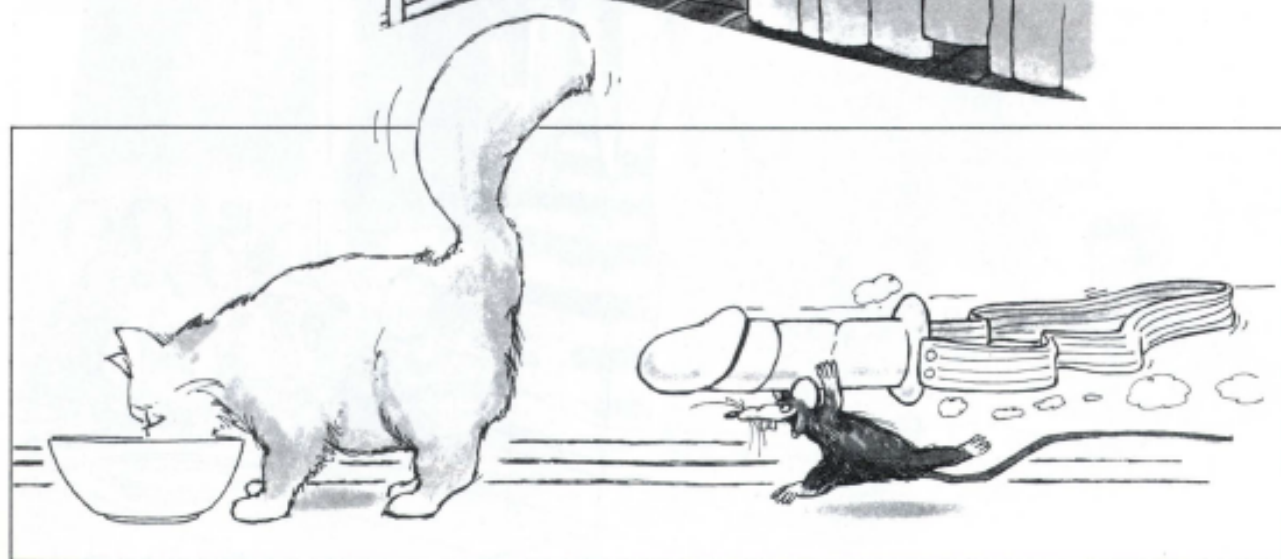
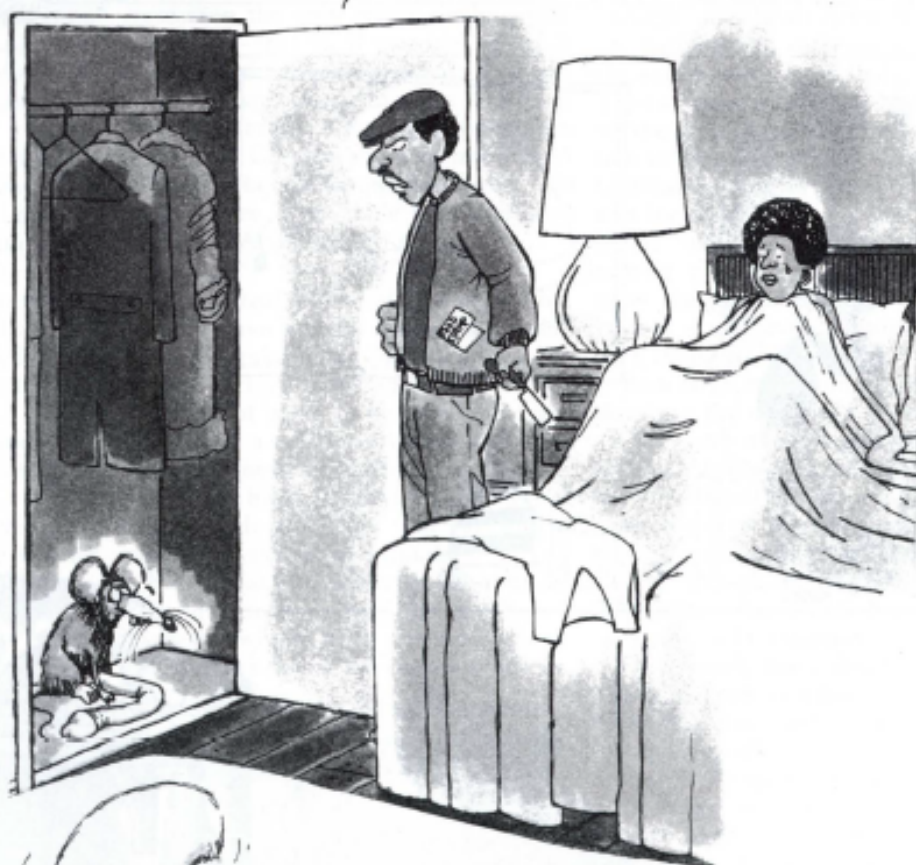


**Dwaine B. Tinsley**  
takes a humorous look at...

**RATS.**





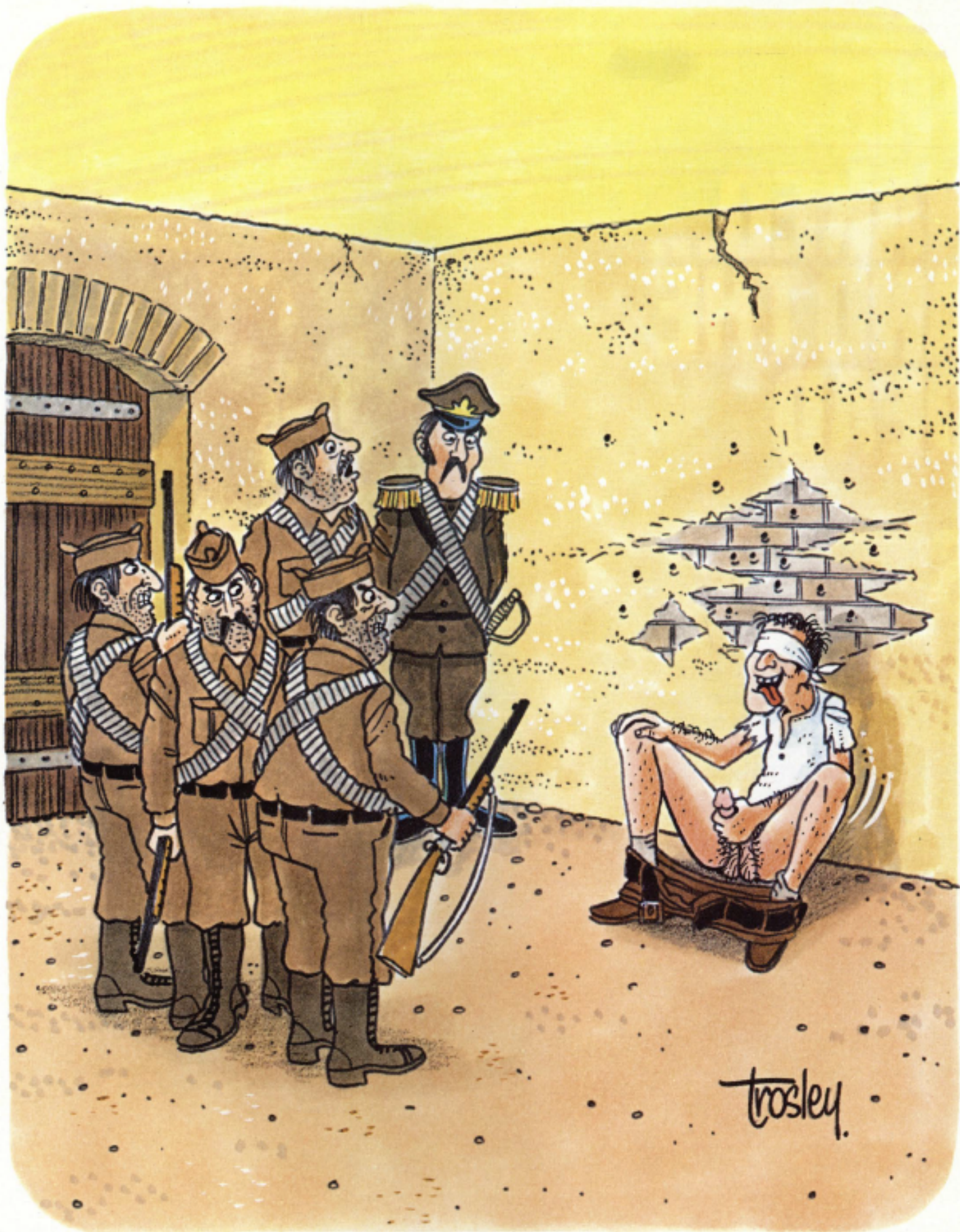






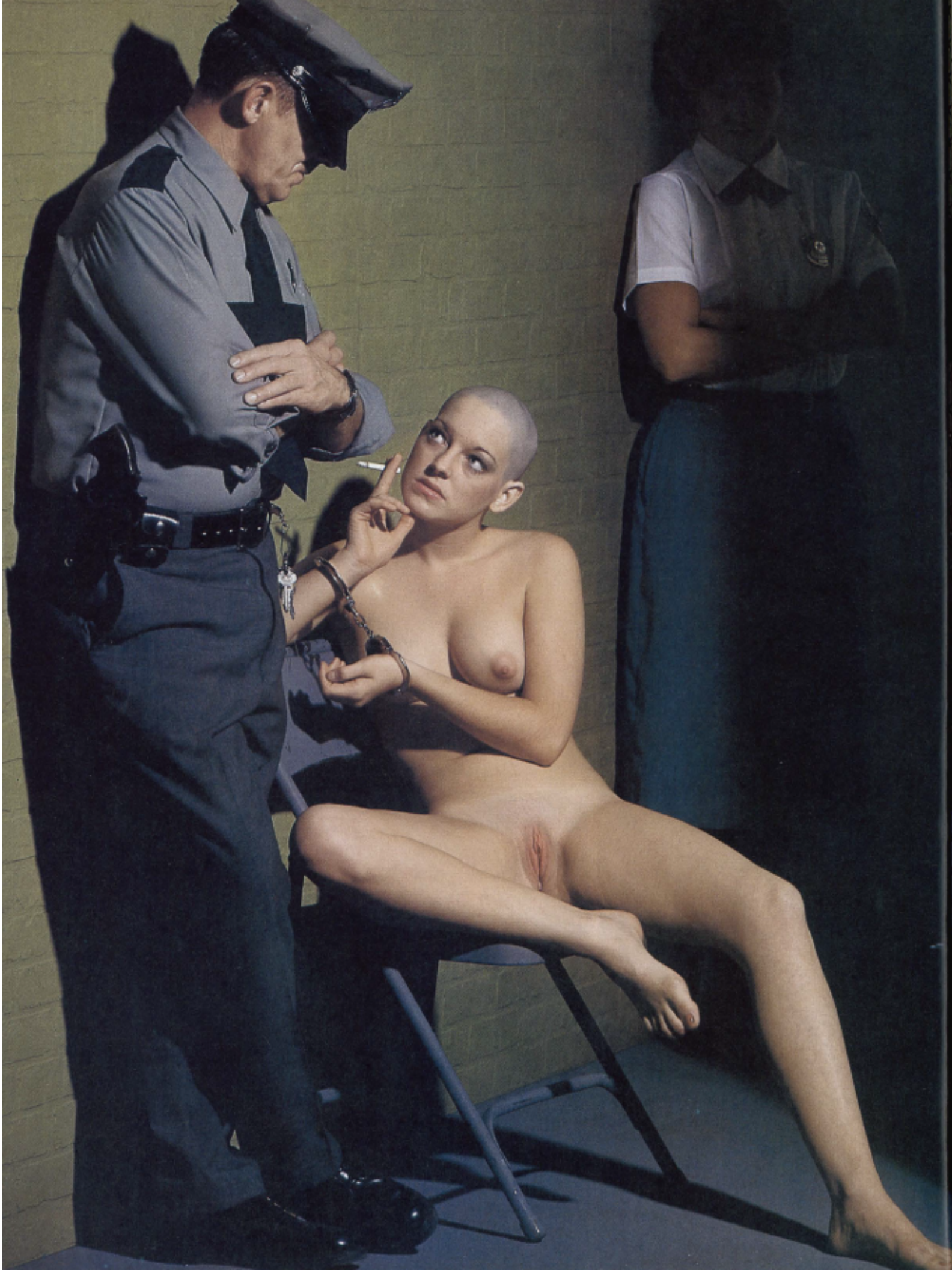
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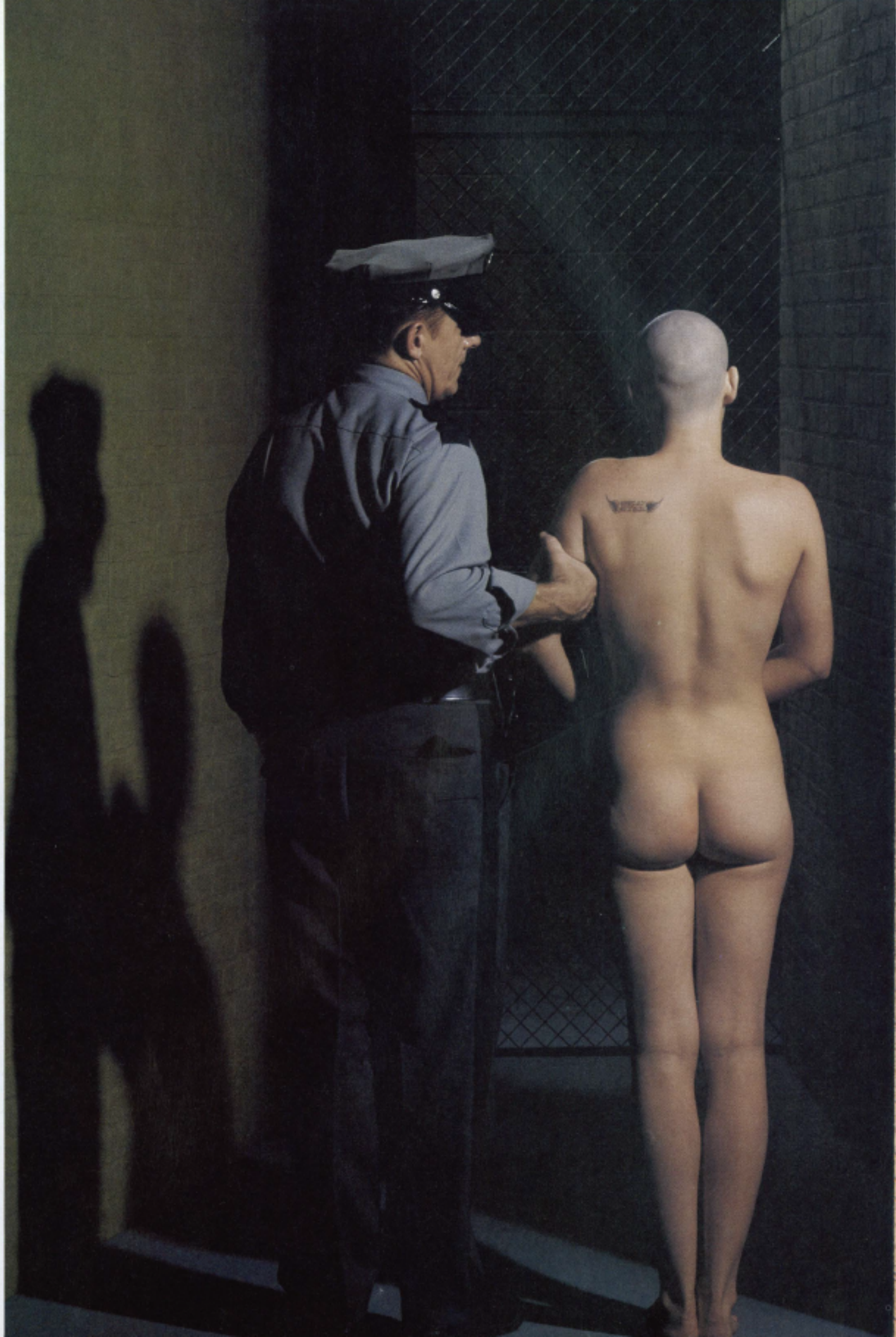


"Everyone gets a last request, sir."











# BEAVER HUNT



This is the time of year when greeting card companies, candy makers and other holiday lampreys drag out that naked archer, Cupid, and sell, sell, sell. If you're a *real* man, you probably hate the little sniper as much as you hate the people who make a fortune hyping him around Valentine's Day. Well, at least we can all learn a lesson from the Lee Harvey Oswald of love: straight shooting gets results. And these are the results you'll get when you aim your camera at your Valentine and shoot her for *Beaver Hunt*: first, you'll get in her pants (hell, they're already off!), and second, you'll get something nice from HUSTLER.

Here's what you have to do: Send us a sharply focused, HUSTLER-style color photo—no black and whites, please—of your favorite model in the nude, plus a short personality profile. Coax her to be as can-

did as possible, and be sure to fill out the model release form that appears on page 107.

Send your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. Sorry, but all photographs become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

If we publish your girl's photo, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee, and everyone who sends us photos will receive the coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license. If she's chosen best Amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, your lady may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her in the magazine, she'll receive a \$1000-\$1500 fee as a professional model. There's no reason why we all can't make a killing off of Cupid and Valentine's Day.

Photo by Gary Fuller



Terry Baker describes herself as a "lady of leisure." This 20-year-old from Dayton, Ohio, uses her free time to pose nude for her boyfriend, spend his money and "eat." She dreams of "making love in the rain and being invited to a stag party."

Teri Phelan, a 20-year-old vixen from Reseda, California, is a model. Her hobbies include decoupage (laminating pictures on wood) and skinny-dipping, but her real passion is "to fulfill my man's every wish."



Photo by Steve Sherman



Photo by Robert S. Shunk



Norcross, Georgia, is the home of Joyce Smith, a dancer and waitress whose fantasy involves some degree of showmanship—making love in the middle of New York City's Fifth Avenue.

Photo by Mr. D'Augustine

Photo by Chris Welte



Nina Franklin hails from Kansas City, Missouri, and works as a cocktail waitress. For fun, this 25-year-old skates and dances. She has "various" sexual fantasies.



Twenty-six-year-old Sarah of Greenville, Maine, is a secretary. She is spending this winter indoors sewing, crocheting and reading. This summer she hopes to have a chance to make it with two good-looking guys.



Photo by Elvion Cation



Tammy Harris, 23, has made a career out of winning beauty contests in her hometown of Chicago—four to date. A globetrotter, her dream is to one day make love on a surfboard somewhere in the South Seas.

Photo by Darrell Nelson



Phyllis Brown, 23, a dancer from Monroeville, Alabama, is into golf, tennis and swimming. Her dream is to one day screw Larry Flynt and the HUSTLER staff. We wish her luck.

Photo by Mike Wolf



Twenty-four-year-old Pat Kummer, a nurse's aide from Milwaukee, likes to spend her free time at bowling alleys and campsites. Her fantasy is "making it with couples in the woods."

1 STOP  
2 LISTEN FOR TONE  
3 DEPOSIT COINS

BEFO

NO COINS NEEDED

EMERGENCY ASSISTANCE

DIRECTORY ASSISTANCE--

L  
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Twenty-two-year-old Carole Roberts, a dancer from Columbus, Ohio, is fond of music, clothes and travel. Her fantasies revolve around a man with whom she can go places and do things.

Photo by Bill D.

Twenty-five-year-old Gerrie Akins, an Oakland, Tennessee, dispatcher trainee, would like to move on from horseback riding and waterskiing to becoming the "center of attention in an orgy."

Photo by Lynn Albert Warriner



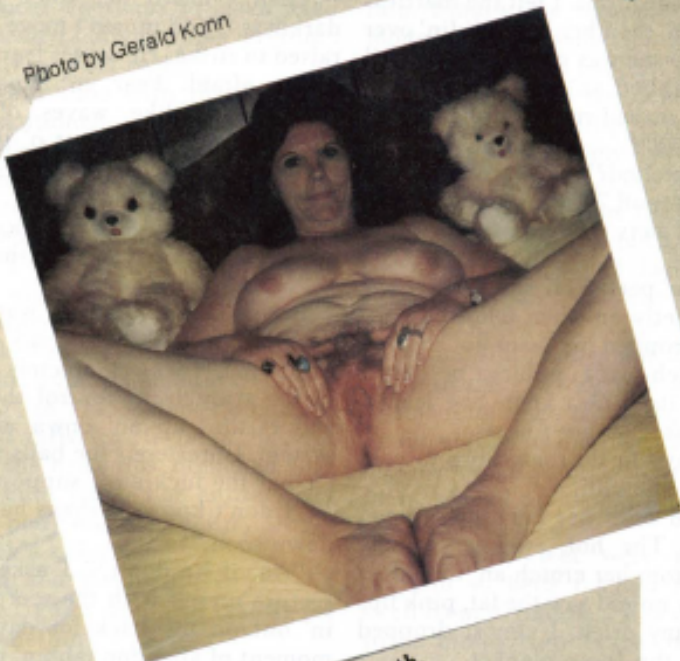
A college student who likes bike riding and Scrabble, 26-year-old Suzie Bercier of Potsdam, New York, has a fantasy of running around nude and "fucking in the sun."



Photo by Dwayne Akins



Photo by Gerald Konn



A housewife from Plymouth, Wisconsin, Dorraine Konn dabbles in photography, painting and nude modeling. She daydreams of finding a guy with ten inches or more.



Go-go dancer Phyllis Rae Buchanan of Virginia Beach, Virginia, likes the great outdoors, where she enjoys sunbathing and swimming. This 22-year-old would like to make it with three guys at one time.



Photo by Jack Edwards



Photo by Jerry Olson

Bloomington, Minnesota's Karen Schinske, who likes animals, works at a kennel. She also has a fantasy of being photographed in front of two nude men, and our Beaver Hunter and a friend obliged the 21-year-old farm girl—again and again.



# HONEY HOOKER

by MIKE  
TOOHEY  
AND  
FABR  
FERNANDEZ

EVER SINCE SHE INSULTED SANTA CLAUS BY CALLING HIM A "POT-BELLIED ASSHOLE," HONEY HAS BEEN RECEIVING LATE-NIGHT OBSCENE PHONE CALLS FROM THE NORTH POLE-- COLLECT!

...YOU CUNT, WAIT'LL NEXT YEAR...I'M GONNA REAM YOUR ASS WITH A SANDPAPER DILDO AND LEAVE PENGUIN SHIT IN YOUR STOCKING...  
FUCKIN' TROLLOP.

SO HONEY DECIDES TO LAY LOW UNTIL THE JOLLY FAT FUCKHEAD COOLS OFF! WHILE GLANCING THROUGH THE TRAVEL SECTION OF THE DAILY FASCIST, SHE SPIES AN INTERESTING AD!

CREW MEMBERS WANTED FOR SCIENTIFIC VOYAGE! FONDNESS FOR RUBBER SUITS A MUST! NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

LATER, ON THE SHORES OF LAKE EERIE, HONEY REALIZES THAT THE AD WAS PLACED BY NONE OTHER THAN JACQUES LESTRAP, THE FAMOUS UNDERSEA EXPLORER!

THE ANDREA DIARRHEA! WHY THAT'S THAT FROG FROGMAN'S BOAT! HOW EXCITING!

ON BOARD THE SHIP...

SO YOU WANT TO BE ZEE DIVAIR, EH? HOW LONG CAN YOU HOLD ZEE BREATH?

HELL, ALL DAY! BUT IT MAKES IT HARD TO SWIM.

NO, NO, NOT ZEE BREAST! I MEAN HOW LONG CAN YOU GO WITHOUT ZEE AIR, ZEE AIR?

AS LONG AS IT TAKES TO DRIVE THROUGH LOS ANGELES!

LIKE ALL NEW CREW MEMBERS, HONEY STARTS OUT IN THE GALLEY HELPING MUNG THE CHINESE COOK!

MUNG, I SIGNED ON AS A DIVER! SO WHAT AM I DOING DOWN HERE HACKING UP THESE SLIMY LITTLE MOTHERFUCKERS?

CONFUCIUS SAY: "WHEN CAPTAIN TELL YOU TO SLICE EELS, DO IT CHOP-CHOP!"



FORTUNATELY, THE BOREDOM OF HER GRISLY CHORE IS RELIEVED WHEN MONEY FINDS A LIVE ELECTRIC EEL AMONG THE SLIPPERY GRAY CORPSES!



SOON, HOWEVER, MUNG SPOTS HER...



... BUT INSTEAD OF JOINING THE FUN, THE COOK REVEALS HIS SLANTED VIEW OF SEXUAL PLEASURE BY THREATENING TO TAKE A CHINK OUT OF MONEY'S HEAD WITH A MEAT CLEAVER!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE ANDREA DIARRHEA IS FAR FROM SHORE, AND CAPTAIN LESTRAP FILLS IN THE CREW ON THE PURPOSE OF THEIR VOYAGE!



OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS, LESTRAP AND HIS CREW ENCOUNTER A SCHOOL OF GIANT LOVELACE FISH...







...A MERMAID...

FIRST ONE TO  
FIND ZEE CLINT  
CAN HAVE EET!



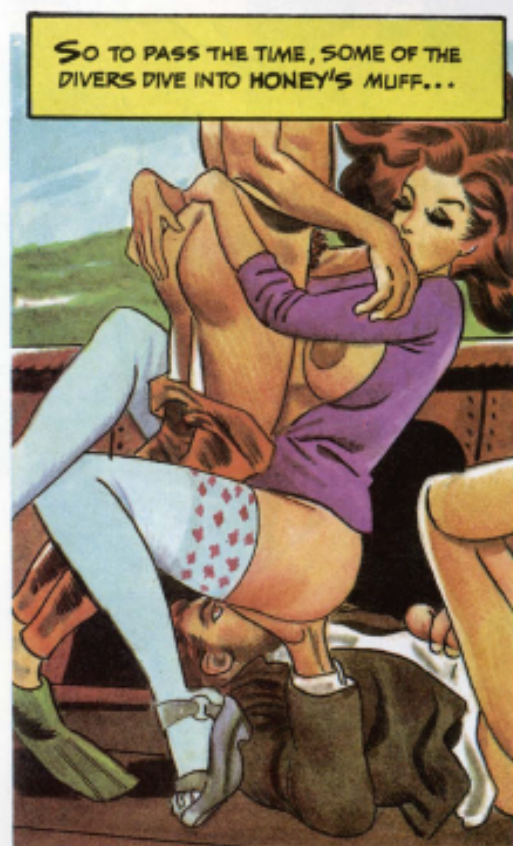
...AND EVEN THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON!

SHEEE, MAN! WHATCH  
YOU WANNA MESS UP  
MAH THREADS FO? MAN,  
YOU IS A COLD-BLOODED  
BUNCHA HONKIES! MUTHA-  
FUCK...ANYBODY GOT  
A KOOL?



BUT THE LAKE EERIE  
MONSTER--IF INDEED  
THERE IS ONE--IS  
NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

HERE, MONSTAIR, MONSTAIR,  
MONSTAIR....

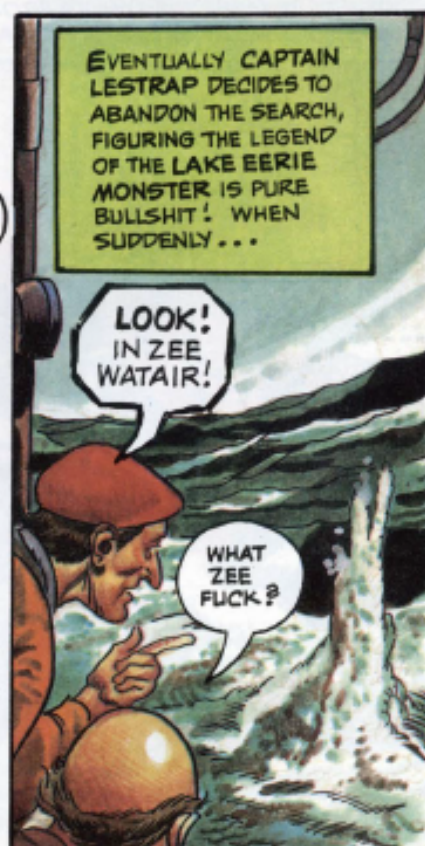


SO TO PASS THE TIME, SOME OF THE  
DIVERS DIVE INTO HONEY'S MUFF...



...WHILE THE MORE PERVERTED  
FROGMEN AMUSE THEMSELVES  
BY DRINKING BEER AND WHIZZING  
IN THEIR WETSUITS, AN OLD  
FRENCH CUSTOM!

F ALL-O-WETA F  
JOLLY ALL-O-WETA....



EVENTUALLY CAPTAIN  
LESTRAP DECIDES TO  
ABANDON THE SEARCH,  
FIGURING THE LEGEND  
OF THE LAKE EERIE  
MONSTER IS PURE  
BULLSHIT! WHEN  
SUDDENLY...

LOOK!  
IN ZEE  
WATAIR!

WHAT  
ZEE  
FUCK?



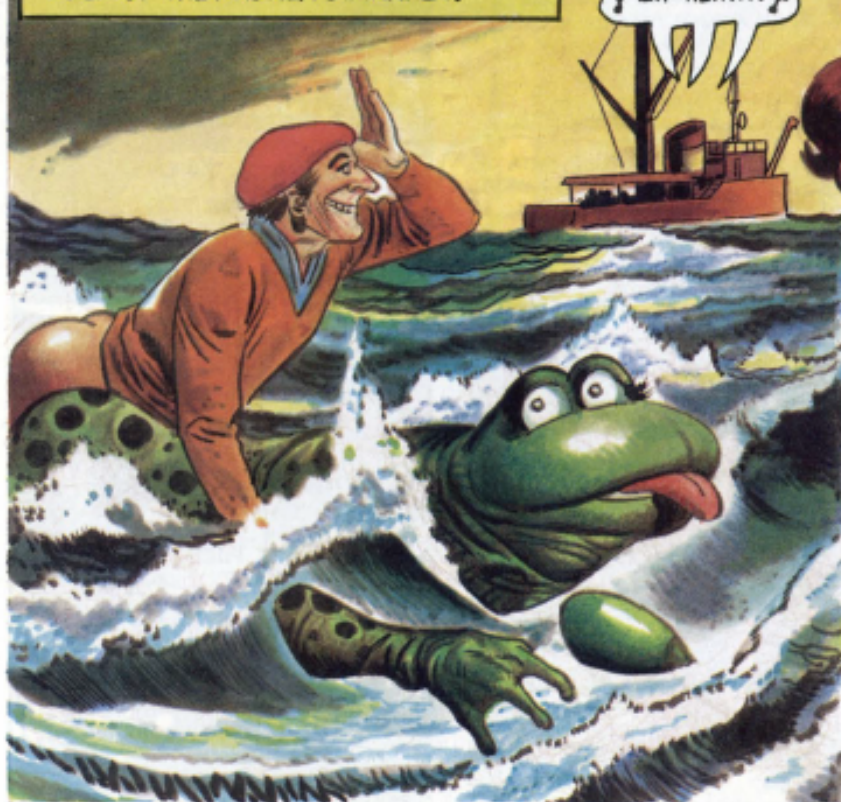
...THE MONSTER REARS ITS GREEN HEAD AND COMES FACE TO FACE WITH LESTRAP!



AND IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!



AS CAPTAIN LESTRAP AND THE MONSTER SET OUT FOR TIJUANA TO GET MARRIED, THE CREW SERENADES THE LOVERS FROM THE DECK OF THE ANDREA DIARRHEA!



A GIANT LEAP FOR MIXED MARRIAGES!







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# MARCH Preview

COMING  
ATTRACTIONS

## FORWARD MARCH

**THE CHOSEN FEW**—Bible-thumping is big business nowadays. And the money reaped from the cookie jars of the gullible goes to support some modern-day saviors in a life-style more befitting a king—or a pimp. By John Eskow.



**HUSTLER'S EROTIC BEAVER GUIDE**—These 13 super-realistic illustrations by artist Alex Ebel prove that the cunt is the window to a woman's soul. With commentary by Todd David Schwartz.

**PROFILE: RICHARD "RACEHORSE" HAYNES**—One of a handful of "superlawyers" in America today, Racehorse Haynes specializes in keeping wealthy asses out of the electric chair, and makes a killing doing it. By Joe Nick Patoski.

**LITTLE SKEETER'S GOTTA LEARN**—With his first sexual experience comes a shattering of myths for a 14-year-old boy in this tale of growing up in the '50s. By Roy Campbell.



**MALE MASTURBATION: COMING TO GRIPS WITH OURSELVES**—In the March *Sex Play*, John-Michael Williams tells how men—and couples—can enhance their sex lives by perfecting their masturbatory techniques.



For a glimpse at the hairiest woman this side of Sicily, take a look at **JUNGLE JILL: BUSH BABY**. Centerfold **ANGEL: SPREADING HER WINGS** will provide some heavenly thrills, while **BONNIE: MUSEUM PIECE** gathers no dust. Finally, **DOT: THE GIRL JUST LIKE THE GIRL THAT MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD** will reveal why Dad always woke up smiling.

**PLUS**—The good, the mad and the ugly in **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **KINKY KORNER**, **BEAVER HUNT**, **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK** and **HONEY HOOKER**.



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